

Father Stephen Joseph Perry, S.J.

IT is related of St. Ignatius that he was wont at night to watch the starry firmament, in order that his heart might be inflamed with the love of God, from the consideration of the wonders of His works. And as if his children had caught something of this trait in the character of their holy Father, it is a noteworthy fact, that of all the physical sciences in which the Society has distinguished itself, astronomy pre-eminently holds the first place. Thus before the Suppression we have the names of Clavius, Scheiner, Riccioli, Grimaldi, Mayer, Hell, Boscovitch, and the missionaries Schall and Verbiest, prominent among their contemporaries, while the foundation of the observatories of Vienna, Mannheim, Tyrnau, Prague, Gratz, Wilna, Milan, Florence, Parma, Venice, Brescia, Rome, Palermo, Lisbon, Marseilles, Avignon, Lyons, and Pekin, bear witness to the activity of the Society of Jesus in this branch of science.

In the restored Society the same zeal for astronomy prevails, as is attested by the existing observatories of Rome, Louvain, Kalocsa, Zi-ka-wei, Manilla, Cuba, Antaninarivo, Washington (Georgetown), Puebla, Calcutta, and Stonyhurst; and by such well known names as De Vico and Secchi;¹ to whom we must add, in deep sorrow at his loss, the name of Father Perry. The blow has fallen heavily upon the Society of Jesus and the Catholic Church in England. In the fulness of his strength he went to observe the late solar eclipse, and we were all looking forward to his speedy return, and expecting many more years of honourable toil from him, when the hand of

¹ The name of this famous astronomer has an interesting association with Stonyhurst. The revolutionary events of 1847 drove him, then a student of theology, from Rome to Stonyhurst. One day Father Weld, himself a student at the College, showed the instruments at the Observatory to the young Italian. He was immensely interested, and from that time took up the study of astronomy, making his first observations with the four-inch refractor now standing in the College gardens. This story has been told me by one who was then at the College and who knew Secchi well.

death snatched him from us, and God called him home. But his death was glorious, for he died a victim to his sense of duty, and to his zeal for his science. Truly he may lay claim to the title of 'martyr of science,' and a part of the story of the eclipse of December 22, 1889, will be the account of how Father Perry was carried from a sick-bed to take his last observation.

Stephen Joseph Perry was born at London on August 26, 1833, and was baptized at his father's residence. His family is well known in connection with the invention and the manufacture of the steel pen. When an infant he was taken dangerously ill with inflammation of the brain. His early life, by the testimony of those who knew him best, was most innocent, and it was his great joy to serve Mass in his parish church at St. John's Wood. When in his eighth year he had the misfortune of losing his mother, and on the morning of her death he was taken to her bed-side to receive her last blessing. In his tenth year he was sent to school at Gifford Hall, where he remained for a year and a half. Thence he passed to the College at Douay, so famous in the annals of the persecution of the Catholics in the time of Elizabeth and the early Stuarts. His college career lasted seven years, and it was here that he first displayed his remarkable talent for mathematics.

Feeling the call to the sacred office of the priesthood, he left Douay for the English College at Rome, to enter upon the study of philosophy. But before leaving he paid a visit to his sister, then a novice at the Convent of Notre Dame at Northampton. She gave him the *Life of St. Ignatius* to read, and it is generally believed that the reading of this book first put into his mind the idea of becoming a religious. While studying in Rome he received the advice to offer himself to the Society of Jesus on his return to England. He was accepted, and joined the Novitiate, which was then established at Hodder House, near Stonyhurst, on November 14, 1853. In the succeeding year the novices were removed to Beaumont Lodge, near Windsor, now transformed into the well known College of St. Stanislaus. The next three years were devoted to the study of rhetoric, classics, mathematics, and philosophy, the first being spent at St. Acheul, near Amiens, and the last two at the house of philosophical studies of the English Province of the Society of Jesus at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. During his studies Father Perry had displayed a great aptitude for mathematics, so that his Superiors deter-

mined to allow him to follow the natural bent of his mind, and to devote himself wholly to science. At this time, too, the Observatory at Stonyhurst, which had been founded in 1838, had begun, under the directorship of Father Weld, to establish a reputation for itself as a meteorological and magnetic station. It was with a view of Father Perry's ultimately succeeding to the charge of this establishment that he was sent to attend the lectures of De Morgan, in London, in 1858, and those of Bertrand, Liouville, and Serret, in Paris, during the following year. During this time he offered himself for the London Matriculation Examination, in those halcyon days when honours were given in special subjects, taking the sixth place in the mathematical list.

In the autumn of 1860, Father Perry was recalled from Paris to profess physics and mathematics at Stonyhurst, and to take charge of the Observatory. These duties he fulfilled for two years, and a third year was spent in teaching the class of Elements at the College. At the age of thirty, he was sent to St Beuno's College, North Wales, to study theology preparatory to his ordination as a priest. Here he distinguished himself as a thorough and solid student. In fact one of his professors wrote to a former pupil, then in Rome, in enthusiastic terms of his aptitude for this branch of learning, and there seems little doubt that he would have made a first-rate professor of theology, had not his Superiors destined him for other pursuits. He received the sacred unction of the priesthood on September 23, 1866. On the completion of the third year of probation, which the Society of Jesus exacts from all her priests, and which Father Perry spent at Laon, in France, he resumed his original duties at Stonyhurst, where, with the exception of journeys undertaken in the cause of science, he remained until the last fatal expedition. On February 2, 1871, Father Perry finally bound himself irrevocably to the Society he loved so much, by the solemn vows of the religious state.

There are two aspects of Father Perry's character which present themselves for our consideration, his religious character, and in the second place his scientific character. For it must ever be borne in mind that he was first and foremost a religious and a priest, a true child of the Society of Jesus, and that all his science was directed to furthering this glorious end, the greater glory of God. To none did he yield in his enthusiasm and his self-sacrificing devotion to astronomy; but his astronomy

was based upon his religion. We would then wish to present to our readers in the first instance a sketch of him as the religious and the priest, as he appeared to the eyes of those who knew him best. We shall endeavour to give the simple unvarnished tale of the life which he led at Stonyhurst, that we may receive edification therefrom and learn a lesson for ourselves.

Four virtues there were which shone pre-eminently in Father Perry's character, and these were his love of prayer, his deep humility, his simplicity, and his great kindness to all. And first with regard to his spirit of prayer. In spite of his manifold duties in the College, and of the breaking up of any regular order of the day, which astronomical observations necessarily entail, he was most exact in giving the full time to prayer which his Rule demanded of him. He never omitted his daily meditation even when busiest, and his examinations of conscience were made with scrupulous exactitude. It has frequently happened to the writer to have been working at night with Father Perry, and should a quarter of an hour intervene between two observations he would immediately seize the opportunity of making his night examination of conscience. The points for the morning meditation he had already made, since for several years he had the duty of explaining these to the lay-brothers of the College. His posture at prayer was most reverent. Sometimes it has happened to the assistants of the Observatory to call at his room during prayer-time for a key or what-not, and at such times he was invariably found kneeling at his *priedieu*. Another witness thus writes in the January number of the *Demerara Catholic Calendar*: "It was noticed, that when here, he recited his daily Office, which takes more than an hour, sitting on the very edge of his chair, for fear he should grow drowsy if he took up an easier position; and to any one who knows how enervating the tropics are to an Englishman who has just come into them, this will be no ordinary proof of his reverent exactness and self-denial." His manner too at Holy Mass and in the administration of the sacraments, was most devout, and yet without any ostentation or display. To an old Douay friend who once asked him whether he did not find that his science dried up his piety, he answered with a look of holy joy upon his face: "Oh, not astronomy." Who at Stonyhurst will not recall his familiar figure as he made his way from his room to the refectory with his beads in his hands, reverently raising his

biretta as he passed the statues of our Lady and the saints on the way? In this connection we cannot refrain from quoting the words of a Protestant writer in a recent number of the *English Mechanic*.¹ "No more single-hearted, earnest servant of science than he was, ever existed. . . . He was a very religious man, but utterly and absolutely without any cant or pretension. It always seemed to me that Stephen Perry lived to give the lie to the conception of that *monstrum horrendum*, the typical Jesuit of the *Rock* and the *Record*. Surely no man was ever less of a schemer or conspirator than he was."

Father Perry seized with avidity all occasions which presented themselves for the exercise of his priestly functions, which did not interfere with the work which obedience had given him. In fact he once told the writer that he had asked to be taken from the charge of the Observatory, and to be sent on a mission. For at least twenty years he was confessor to the community and boys at Stonyhurst, and among the latter from the very first he was most popular, from the great kindliness of his manner in the tribunal of Penance and the affectionate interest he took in each one of his penitents. In the pulpit, though he preached at the College but rarely, he was most earnest and fervent in manner. In the expedition to Carriacou in 1886 for the eclipse of the sun, his sermons drew not only Catholics, but Protestants and Dissenters to hear him, who were much affected by his burning exhortations. "Father Perry," says *Nature*, "was much admired as a preacher. His sermons were marked by the earnestness which formed so distinguished a feature of his character." In the last expedition he arrived at his destination on December 7th, and the very next day found him preaching to the convicts in French, and the last sermon of his life was delivered before the same audience on the following Sunday. He also preached a sermon at the burial of the master-at-arms of the *Comus*, a Catholic named Shea, who had been killed by a fall from a rock, and he performed the duties of "extraordinary" confessor to the nuns. Nor was Cayenne the only place where prisoners received his spiritual ministrations, for he was very fond of relating how he had once supplied the place of the chaplain at one of the large English prisons. Another incident which gave him great consolation happened during the expedition to Nos Vey, Madagascar, to observe the transit of

¹ "A Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society," in the *English Mechanic* for January 24, 1890.

Venus in 1882. This was, that he was able to give the last sacraments to the servant of a French trader, who otherwise would have died hundreds of miles away from a Catholic priest. Lastly, in connection with his duties as a priest, we must mention that he took great pleasure in giving the annual retreat, when he could spare the time, to the Children of Mary of the congregation at Stonyhurst, and occasionally performed a like office in other places.

We must next consider him as the humble religious. His whole manner was, in the first place, most modest and unassuming, nor did he ever give the slightest sign of being puffed up with his scientific attainments. On all public occasions at Stonyhurst, he never put himself forward in a prominent position, and at plays and entertainments he was generally to be found in a back seat. He had the same habit among his scientific brethren, and it has frequently happened that at public meetings he had to be fetched from the body of the hall, to take his proper place on the platform. But the surest test of humility, is the readiness with which one accepts lowly offices at the call of obedience. As it has been related before, after two years' directorship of the Observatory, Father Perry was set to teach the lowest class in the College. His conduct on this occasion was most admirable, and he entered upon his new duties with the greatest zeal. As he told the writer, this was to him one of the happiest years of his life. It may be permitted to give another personal reminiscence. On one occasion, when he was busy in his room, getting his things together, preparatory to setting off for a public lecture, he requested that some verses, which he selected from a chapter of Thomas à Kempis, might be read to him, and these were verses which inculcated the necessity of humility.

Father Perry was quite child-like in his simplicity. It was but the outer manifestation of the great purity of his soul. He used to narrate his successes to us without the slightest boasting or affectation, and yet with that freshness and zest which is rather the characteristic of the fortunate schoolboy than of the honoured man of science. He keenly enjoyed, too, the company of the boys at Stonyhurst, and was much loved by them in return. They very frequently, during the cricket season, invited him to join them in their matches, and Father Perry, who was very fond of cricket, rarely refused. Every year, too, he was wont to get together

an eleven of the professors and masters, and solemnly challenge the little boys at Hodder to a match. On these occasions he was as earnest in arranging his fielders and sending in his reverend batsmen, as if he had been conducting the most important scientific expedition. Such a power he had of giving his whole mind to whatever business he took in hand. On his return from the Transit of Venus expedition of 1874, the first thing that he had to narrate was that he had played a cricket match at Ceylon, against an eleven of the island, his eleven being made up from the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Volage*, and that he himself had made the top score.

He was also kindness itself. His religious brethren, the boys at Stonyhurst, his scientific friends, and all who came in contact with him, could not resist a sort of magnetic influence which drew their hearts towards him. Who that ever met him will not recall his hearty shake of the hands, and the beaming smile with which he accompanied his greeting? "To all who came in contact with him in connection with his scientific work, he endeared himself by his genial and retiring manner, retiring on all occasions, save when some sacrifice was demanded for the science he loved so well, and for which he laid down his life." Such is the testimony of *Nature*, a leading scientific journal. He was always ready to sacrifice himself to help others. The letters he received from perfect strangers, asking for information and advice in astronomical matters, were frequent, and to all he vouchsafed an immediate answer. Several came from workmen who had attended his lectures, and who wrote to him to clear up some difficulty which had occurred to them. And in the cause of science, who was so ready to sacrifice himself as Father Perry? On one occasion, when lecturing at the Public Free Library, in Liverpool, on the planet Venus, he told his audience that he was ready to lay down his life in the cause of astronomy. And that his words were no empty boast, is proved by what he endured from sea-sickness, to which he was a martyr, in the many voyages which he took on behalf of the Government, or the learned societies, and finally, by his death in the performance of his duty, in the last expedition. As the writer in the *English Mechanic*, before quoted, says: "He was one who never thought or attempted to spare himself when there was any work to be done. I know from personal observation what a martyr he was to sea-sickness, and the life of utter misery he spent on board ship, and yet he was ever ready to proceed to the ends of the earth

when any important observation was to be made." "Father Perry has been one of the most consistent and cheerful of sufferers in the cause of science," is the testimony of another pen, in the January number of the *Observatory*. On this the *Standard* of January 6th remarks, that "astronomers the world over will endorse the words of Mr. Turner, for the unassuming, kind-hearted devotee of astronomy, who now rests in a foreign land, will be mourned by astronomers of all nations." And the *Manchester Guardian* of the same date speaks of "not only his splendid services to science, but the steadfast piety of his life, and his noble devotion to duty."

When on board ship he greatly endeared himself both to the officers and to the sailors. Thus, on leaving the *Volage*, one of the stokers presented him with a poem which he had himself composed, as a mark of his esteem and regard. And what more touching incident can be recorded than that of the sailor of the *Comus*, who, when Father Perry was dying, came to his cabin-door to say that he had been deputed by the men of the lower deck to say "how much cut up they were about it." That this kindliness made him most popular in scientific circles, is evidenced by the tone of the notices which have appeared of him in the public press, which have been almost affectionate in their appreciation of his character. Nor in the whole of his public or private career can he be said to have made a single enemy, a striking testimony of his sterling worth.

And yet we should be giving but a false impression of Father Perry's character, did we leave it to be inferred that all these virtues were the effect of a natural gentleness of disposition. Quite the contrary, for it was by the way of self-conquest that he reached the high point of religious perfection to which he attained. Naturally, he was of a vivacious and hasty temperament, traits which are often to be found in a character so zealous and energetic as his was. But he was fully conscious of this defect. One day at the *Observatory*, when about to begin his examination of conscience, he said, with a pleasant smile, to the writer, "Well, have I been hasty with any one?" Bright, full of energy and spirit, and heart and soul in every work which he had in hand, his impetuosity was but the natural warmth which accompanied so strenuous a character. The following incident will show how grace in him could overcome nature. On one occasion, when giving a public lecture, the demonstrator at the lantern com-

pletely failed for some time to throw the necessary pictures on the screen. It was noted, with great edification to themselves by some Catholics in the hall, that Father Perry did not give the slightest sign of impatience at the unfortunate mishap.

Father Perry has done much to break down the barriers of bigotry and misunderstanding which separated us from our Protestant fellow-countrymen. As M. Lefebvre, a Professor of the Catholic University of Louvain, and President of the Brussels Scientific Society, expressed himself on the occasion of a lecture of Father Perry's on the Transit of Venus in 1874, "I know not whether we ought more to admire these men who, called to the strictest and highest of all vocations, the care of souls, devote themselves as if out of their superabundance, with an incomparable disinterestedness and energy to the culture of science, or that great Protestant England, which laying aside prejudices to which Catholic countries blush not to offer sacrifice, names Jesuits as the organizers of these great astronomical undertakings." And in view of the life and glorious death of Father Perry, who will be bold enough to again lay it to the charge of the Catholic Church that she is an enemy to scientific progress, and that there can be no truce in the conflict between Religion and Science? Such strife only exists in the diseased imaginations of those to whom the wish is father to the thought.

We now come to the story of the last scientific expedition of Father Perry. Its objects have already been set forth at length in the December number of this Review. It is only necessary to add here that the observations were completely successful, through a most providential clearing of that particular patch of the sky in which the sun was, for the few minutes necessary for the observation. But in the moment of triumph the great astronomer was already stricken with a fatal disease. Very rarely, if ever, in the history of science, has such a noble example of self-sacrifice been witnessed as that of this good Catholic priest.

Father Perry, with his companion Brother Rooney, left Southampton on board the R.M.S. *Tagus* on the 14th of November, and arrived, after an excellent passage with but one bad night, at Barbados at six o'clock on the morning of the 26th of November. There he was met by Father Strickland, S.J., and landed to say Mass. At nine o'clock he received a visit from Captain Atkinson and Commander Grey, of H.M.S.S.

Comus and *Forward*, which were at anchor in the roadstead, awaiting his arrival. The instruments were at once transferred to the *Forward*, and it was arranged that Brother Rooney should proceed to the Salut Islands to select a site for the observatory, while the *Forward* should take surroundings and secure a safe anchorage for her sister-vessel. Accordingly the *Forward* left Barbados on the 28th of November at 11 a.m., and after a rough passage arrived at the Isles. Father Perry wrote to Mr. Turner, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from Barbados. He says, "All are most kind and anxious to assist in every way," and a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* of the 6th of January thus writes :

The greatest possible praise is due to Captain Atkinson and his officers and men for the hearty, earnest manner in which they threw themselves into the spirit of the expedition. Captain and officers were constantly inquiring if there was anything they could do to make the astronomers more comfortable and render the expedition a real success. Lieutenant Thierens and his men deserve great credit for the able and cheerful manner in which they carried out each task that was entrusted to them. During Father Perry's illness on board the *Comus* everything that it was possible to do for him was done.

It is a most pleasant duty to add that in all Father Perry's numerous expeditions he always met with the greatest kindness from the officers and men of Her Majesty's navy. To proceed with the story. On the arrival of the *Forward* at the Isles, Brother Rooney selected a site for the observatory on the Royal Island, where the prison for the convicts, the hospital, and the chapel were situated. Four rooms were prepared for the observers in the hospital, and everything was done on behalf of the French Commandant, who had received instructions to this effect from his Government, to further the success of the expedition. Our next extract is from the letter of Father Strickland,¹ which gives a very good idea of the unhealthy climate of the island, and the sufferings which Father Perry endured.

The *Comus* man-of-war, Captain Atkinson, left Barbados on the 2nd of December with the Rev. Father Perry on board for his expedition to the Iles de Salut, near Cayenne. They arrived on the 7th. During

¹ For the complete letter of Father Strickland, and the diary of Brother Rooney, we must refer our readers to the *Tablet* of the 25th of January, and the 1st of February.

the voyage the weather was very rough, and the *Comus* rolls heavily in bad weather. Father Perry suffered very badly from sea-sickness, and was much done up on his arrival, but, without allowing himself any rest, landed the same evening to view the site and introduce himself to the authorities. . . .

He took up his quarters in the hospital. He was much pleased with his rooms, which were very good, but the sanitary arrangements of the whole island were as bad as possible, and when rain came on about the 18th the effluvium on the island was almost insupportable to those not used to it.¹ It was only on the 20th that Captain Atkinson and his officers became aware that Father Perry was in bad health, for he made light of all his personal wants for fear of giving trouble to others. In fact it was this very spirit of saving trouble to others which made him persevere in declining Captain Atkinson's urgent and repeated request that he would live on board the *Comus* and land each morning for his work. Had he done so, in all probability his life would not have been sacrificed to his over-anxious desire to do everything for the best for the success of the work confided to him. . . .

The observatory which had been erected for the occasion was half a mile from the hospital, and the intervening ground was very rough, being a steep descent and ascent, and the distance was gone over on foot four times each day in fair weather or foul. Lieutenant Thierens, second officer of the *Comus*, who was specially appointed to assist Father Perry and his men, always slept on board the *Comus*, and landed in the morning for work, and this small precaution of sleeping in the fresh air of the sea seems to have preserved the men from all serious illness, though nearly all were less well than usual.

¹ The following is Father Perry's own description of the island and his life there, as told in a letter to his sister: "At present I am living partly on board, and partly at the Military Hospital. I have had a slight fever, and am taking quinine and sulphur baths; but I hope to be quite well for the work next week. On Sunday, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, I preached to the Catholic convicts. A convict serves Mass each morning at 6 a.m., and all our surroundings are convicts and warders. Every evening the Arabs may be seen in every part of the island prostrating in worship, but I have not as yet learnt where the Chinamen pray. The vice in the islands is fearful. Dogs are everywhere, and revolvers in the hands of all the warders. Two convicts were executed last week, and two or three others are already sentenced. This morning one poor fellow, who had died in hospital, was given to the sharks, which swarm in these waters. Our station consists of three islands: Royal Island, on which are the worst criminals; St. Joseph's, where the prisoners are condemned for life, but not to perpetual hard labour; and The Devil, where the poor lepers are kept. Food is sent to these twice a week, and the doctors visit them occasionally. They are all in the last stage of misery, and I see them crawling about as best they can. The captain, officers, and men of H.M.S. *Comus* are all kindness, and the officials on shore are doing everything possible for us. The French Government sent orders that we were to be treated with all kindness, and the Governor of Cayenne has sent the most pressing invitations to Captain Atkinson and myself. Ask the good nuns to pray for your affectionate brother, S. J. PERRY."

The instruments having been placed in position, the work of rehearsal for the great day immediately began. This, and the providential observation of the eclipse itself, is best told in the words of the *Manchester Guardian*:

The first general rehearsal took place at 4.30 p.m. on the 16th; there was a second on the 17th at the same hour. In the evening Father Perry gave a lecture on board H.M.S. *Comus*, during which he took the opportunity of giving further useful instruction to those who were to assist at the instruments.¹ There were four assistants at each instrument—three officers to take down the times given by the observers, and one first-class petty officer to hand plates, &c.

The weather was splendid up to the 18th, when several very heavy showers of rain fell. On the 19th, at 6 p.m., there was a full rehearsal in twilight, which was very successful. Rain commenced to fall at 9 p.m. and continued to fall in torrents all night. At 9 p.m. on the 20th the stars shone out most brilliantly, and Father Perry decided to remain in the observatory all night to take trial photographs. Several were taken, and the sky clouding at 2.30 a.m., Lieutenant Thierens and his men returned to the *Comus* at 3 a.m. Father Perry was of opinion that it might clear up again, and he wanted to get a few more photographs if possible; and as he wished to sight the position of the sun at its rising, he lay down in his hammock, under one of the bell tents, instead of going to his quarters at the hospital. Mr. Rooney did not like the idea of sleeping there, so he walked about the camp. It is thought that Father Perry got a chill on this occasion, for the dew falls very heavily during the night on the Salut Isles. At 5.45 a.m. Father Perry got up and prepared to take the sun's position. Then followed a full rehearsal at 7.30, when every part of the programme for the morrow was most rigidly carried out. Two sentinels were placed on guard, with strict instructions that no one was to be allowed to enter the camp during the rehearsal, and all went as smoothly as possible—not a word being uttered except by those appointed to count the time. Father Perry was very much pleased with this rehearsal. The rehearsal over, the astronomers returned to their quarters to take some rest. At 3 p.m. they were again at the observatory, and a photograph of the sun was taken with the 20 in. mirror. The remainder of the evening was spent in making little adjustments and getting everything into good order for the great event of the morrow.

The night grew very dark, and heavy rain fell. At 3.30 a.m. on Sunday morning, the 22nd, Mr. Rooney, hearing Father Perry moaning, entered his room, and found him in great pain. He gave him a dose of some medicine which they had brought with them, and this seemed to give a little relief. At 4.45 Mr. Rooney started for the observatory, to get everything ready and put the plates into the slides. Before he left

¹ He had already given the men a similar lecture.

Father Perry asked him to send a blue-jacket to assist him down the rough road to the observatory. At 6 a.m. Lieutenant Thierens and his men arrived. The officer was informed of Father Perry's illness and request, so a man was sent off at once. The sun rose in a clear sky, but at seven o'clock all looked very black, and at 7.20 a heavy shower of rain fell for about three or four minutes. After this the sky began to brighten up. At this time Father Perry arrived at the observatory, looking very unwell and leaning on the blue-jacket. As soon as he entered the camp he asked Mr. Rooney if all was ready, and, having been told that all was quite ready, he walked round to see that every man was at his post. The sky was now much brighter, with a large patch of blue near the sun. A few minutes later the sun appeared, it being then a little more than half-eclipsed, and about seven or eight minutes before totality commenced. The sun was well out into the blue patch, and as soon as totality commenced the signal was given, and the plates were all successfully exposed according to the programme drawn up by the Solar Eclipse Committee of the Royal Astronomical Society. Captain Atkinson, of the *Comus*, also observed with a small telescope. The corona stood out magnificently, and was very much like the American one of January, 1889.

Totality lasted one hundred and twenty-nine seconds. When the observations were finished Father Perry walked over to Mr. Rooney and asked if all had gone right at his instruments, and on being told that everything was most satisfactory, he remarked, "This is the most successful observation of the kind that I have ever had anything to do with." He then asked Captain Atkinson to get three cheers for the successful observation, and three hearty cheers were given. He said, "I cannot cheer," but he waved his helmet. From the moment he entered the camp until the observations were all over he seemed quite himself, and all hoped that he was not so ill as was feared; but it was with great difficulty that Mr. Rooney got him up the steep hill back to his quarters. Frequently on the way he spoke of the providential manner in which the sky cleared and enabled them to so successfully photograph that for which they had travelled so far. He considered the toils and fatigue well repaid by the magnificent sight they had just beheld. When they reached the hospital he was quite exhausted, and the resident doctor was asked to see him. He said he was very feverish and very much fatigued. The doctor told him to remain in bed, and gave him some medicine in the afternoon. Father Perry told the marines to get all his things packed up, and he wished a message to be sent to Captain Atkinson, to ask that a boat might be sent for him at five o'clock that evening, and a man to help him down.

We must now let Brother Rooney tell the affecting story of his last days on earth, taking up the thread of the narrative from the last quotation. We would only add one pathetic circum-

stance from Father Strickland's letter, which is that shortly before his death Father Perry began to wander, and "thinking himself again engaged in the supreme moment of the scientific mission which had so long filled his thoughts, began to give his orders as during the short minutes of the eclipse."

All was done as arranged, and as usual he steered the boat which brought him to the ship; but when he got on board he could scarcely walk. Though he looked very weak, we all thought a good night's rest would do him good.

On the Monday morning he told the Quartermaster he wanted to see me before I went ashore. I went to his cabin about 6 a.m., and he told me he had had a dreadful night—up every hour and no sleep. He then gave me instructions what to do. When I returned to the ship at 8.30, I was told he was suffering from acute dysentery. I went to him after breakfast and told him the sky was cloudy and we could get no observations. He told me to dismount and pack up my instrument, but to leave his standing till to-morrow. He gradually grew worse, and at lunch time it was considered best to dismount his instrument too, get everything packed and on board, and sail on the Tuesday morning. He agreed to this and by six o'clock everything was safe on board. But the doctor told me then that the patient was very much worse, and that if he did not improve during the night he would be in very great danger. This doctor, Dr. McSweeney, was a Catholic, brought up at Clongowes Wood College. Father Perry had so bad a night that the order to sail in the morning was cancelled, and the doctor agreed it would be best to send for the Abbé from the island, and get Father Perry the last sacraments. As I was starting for him, we saw him putting off. We told him the state of the case when he arrived, and he heard Father Perry's confession, and arranged with him to come at four o'clock and give him the last sacraments. After the Abbé had gone, Father Perry sent for me and told me what had been arranged. He was not at all upset by the serious news, but directed me quite quietly to put everything tidy in the cabin and arrange as well as I could for the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and to wash his hands and feet out of reverence to the holy oils. When all was tidy and arranged, he asked me to be on the look out so as to let him know when the Abbé was coming. The boat bringing him put off punctually at four, the Commandant and two nuns accompanying the priest. The nuns brought two baskets of things and we soon arranged a nice little altar in the cabin. Father Perry had his crucifix and beads in his hands, and he explained to the Abbé that the former was specially indulged for the hour of death. So after giving the absolution the Abbé blessed him with it. Father Perry answered all the prayers with great fervour and exactness. He received Holy Viaticum with very great devotion, and then remained for some time in silent prayer. He

made his profession of faith in French, and thanked God that he was dying in the Society of Jesus. He begged pardon of all present for any faults by which he might have disedified them, and the doctor in particular for any impatience during his sickness. He asked my pardon specially for any unkindness to me during the years I had worked under him, and told me to ask the community at Stonyhurst to forgive his many faults. The doctor was anxious to prevent any further excitement, and cleared the cabin. It had been arranged that the two doctors and I should share the night nursing between us, taking four hours each. Soon after the Abbé had left, the two doctors belonging to the island came on board, but they judged it better not to disturb the sick man, but only had a consultation with the two doctors of the ship. Fortunately, Dr. McSweeney could talk French fluently. The Governor of Cayenne signalled that he was very anxious to know how Father Perry was, and the nuns in the hospital were praying for him in their chapel.

Father Perry was worse again at night, and the doctors took the two first watches with him, as they did not like leaving him. I went on shore for Mass at eight in the morning, Christmas Day. It was a very quiet Christmas for all on board. There was a piano in the ward-room, but it was never touched during Father Perry's illness, and the men had to go right forward for any little amusement they could get up. Dr. McSweeney told me he was going to give Father Perry some medicine at 8 p.m., and if he could only keep it on his stomach he might get the upper hand of the attack. When I went for my watch at 4 a.m., Father Perry told me he was better, that he had passed the crisis at midnight, and that, thank God, he was now out of danger. He dozed a little, but never got a real sleep; still I had a good account for the doctor when he came to relieve me at 8 a.m. He said, "Thank God, but let us hope it is not merely a lull before the storm, as I have often known in such cases." It had been arranged overnight that if Father Perry were no worse, it would be best to sail at 9 a.m. on Thursday morning, putting the sick man in a cot, that he might not feel the rolling of the ship. Father Perry was quite satisfied with this arrangement. The Abbé and the Commandant came to see him before the ship sailed, but the doctor allowed only the Abbé to see him. All on board were very glad to get away from the Salut Islands: four men were down with dysentery, and others were ailing slightly. So the start, and the news that had gone round the ship that Father Perry was out of danger, put every one in great spirits. I went to Father Perry when we started, and found him very comfortable. He said he did not feel the motion of the ship at all. He remained much the same all day, and we began to be very hopeful. The doctor had changed my watch, putting me from twelve to four, so I went to bed at 9.30. When I woke up I found it was six o'clock. I was very startled, and, fearing the worst, hurried off to Father Perry's cabin. He was not dead, as I had feared,

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but he had had a very bad night, and the doctors had not ventured to leave him ; so they divided the night between them, and did not call me. When I went in at one o'clock, Father Perry was wandering a little ; but he got calmer soon, and told me to get writing materials, that he might write out the telegram for Greenwich, giving the results of our work. He tried to write, but could not form the figures. He then dictated them to me, and when I had written the telegram out in ink, he was satisfied, and told me to send it off as soon as we reached Demerara.

When Dr. McSweeney came in again, he told me Father Perry was certainly getting worse, and he feared all hope was gone. I suggested we had better tell him, but he said we would watch closely for a time first and see whether there was any change. I had made a promise in the little chapel on the island that if Father Perry recovered I would ask the Rector on my return to Stonyhurst to have a service of thanksgiving ; and now all my hopes were that he might live till we reached Demerara. Dr. Anford, the second doctor, came to relieve me at 10 a.m., but I resolved I would not leave Father Perry while in this very critical state. The doctor gave him some champagne, but he would not take much, saying he wished to keep his head quite clear. At one o'clock I thought I noticed a change, and I called Dr. McSweeney. He said Father Perry was dying. He was still unwilling to tell him, but I resolved to do so, thinking it my duty. I took Father Perry's hand and asked him if he knew me. He looked at me and said, "Yes, of course." I said to him, "You are much worse to-day ; the doctor gives us no hope. I fear you are dying." He turned round, very calm and self-possessed, and told me to say the prayers for the dying. I had a *Catholic's Manual* in the cabin, and I read the prayers from it. He answered them very fervently, and when they were finished he asked me to say some more. I then said the Litany for a Happy Death, and the Litany of our Lady, the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, and the Stonyhurst Act of Consecration. He then asked me to say the Brothers' Act of Consecration to St. Alphonsus. A little later, at 2.15, I asked him if he would like to renew his vows. He was delighted, and said, "Yes, yes, thanks." I put the crucifix in his hands, and helped him by saying the words before him, which he repeated after me. He did this with great devotion, and when we reached the words, "ever to lead my life therein," he was much affected, and said how happy he was to die a professed member of the Society.

The doctor made an injection into his arm to try and keep him alive a little longer, as the Captain said that were he to die there he would have to bury him at sea. I prayed very earnestly to the Sacred Heart and our Lady that he might at least live long enough to be buried ashore, among our Fathers in Demerara. He kept repeating the holy names of Jesus and Mary, adding that of St. Ignatius. I may say

that he repeated them hundreds of times during his sickness. After this he became very quiet and the doctor prepared to repeat the injection, but he noticed it, and said, "No; no more injections, let me die making acts of love of God." I put the crucifix in his hands again, and he asked me (it was now about 3 p.m.) to repeat the prayers for the dying. This time, too, he answered in a clear, steady voice. After the prayers he held up his crucifix, and made an offering of all his sufferings and of his life at the foot of the Cross, resigning himself entirely to the holy will of God; and he made his profession of faith again. I asked him if there was anything he would like me to do for him, any message he would like to send to Stonyhurst or elsewhere. He answered, "In this supreme moment one should think only of oneself." He exhorted the doctor and myself to love God with our whole hearts, saying we could not love Him as we should, but we must have a great desire to love and serve Him. He remained very quiet for some time after this, making acts of love, sometimes in English, sometimes in French. At about 3.15 he looked up and asked whether there would be any difficulty in landing his body for burial. The doctor said there would not. Father Perry replied, "You do your part now and then Brother Rooney will take charge of everything and look after the funeral arrangements." I assured him I would do so. He seemed very pleased and gave me his blessing. I replaced the crucifix in his hand and he kissed it very tenderly, as in fact he always did. At times during his illness I thought he would break it, he pressed it so hard to his lips. He put it to his lips several times and repeated the Holy Name, blessing himself with his crucifix.

At 3.35 he became unconscious. I put the crucifix to his lips several times, but he did not notice it. The doctor said he was making a hard fight, and that we could only pray and wait the end. At 4.15 the doctor said he could scarcely feel his pulse or the beat of his heart. I began the prayers for the dying again. When we had got about half way through Father Perry turned his head on one side. I got up to raise it. He was dead. Thus he passed away in our arms at 4.20. We knelt down and said the prayers for a soul departed, and we then informed the Captain, and asked him if he would take the body to Demerara. I breathed a fervent act of thanksgiving when he said he would. We laid the body out in white vestments: he looked perfectly peaceful and quite himself. The body was carried by six marines to the bridge till the coffin was ready, in the cot in which he had died, covered with a Union Jack. At 10 p.m. the coffin was ready, and he was laid in it, his face quite calm and white, as if he was asleep. The coffin was left on the bridge. Father Perry died about seventy miles from Demerara, lat. 6°56 N., long. 56°50 W. At 3.30 on Saturday morning we anchored two miles outside the lightship, which is itself twelve miles from Georgetown. The water being shallow the *Comus*

could get no nearer. Captain Atkinson sent a boat to the lightship to inform them of Father Perry's death, which they were to signal to the shore, and warn them to make arrangements for the funeral.

Fortunately Lord Gormanston, the Governor, with Bishop Butler, had met Father Perry at Barbados, and wishing him to lecture at Georgetown had promised to send a steamer out as soon as the *Comus* was signalled. This arrangement was specially fortunate, as, owing to a mist coming on, the lightship could not signal Father Perry's death to the shore. The steamer arrived at 9.30, and came as close as it could. There were on board Lord Gormanston's private secretary and the Harbour Master, sent by the Governor to escort Father Perry. At ten the Captain ordered all hands on deck, and the same six marines who had carried the body before lowered it into the boat amid the solemn tolling of the ship's bell. Father Perry had been a great favourite, and all seemed to feel his death very much. On the evening on which he died, one of the blue-jackets came to me to say he was deputed by the other men on the lower deck to say how cut up they all were. At 10.30 we steamed to Georgetown, and the *Comus*, with her flag half-mast high, started for Barbados. On reaching land we found the Governor and Father Scoles waiting to receive Father Perry, still ignorant of the sad reality. They had not noticed the flag half-mast high, and when they saw something was wrong they still thought Father Perry was only ill. There was still some difficulty in arranging the funeral, owing to objections raised by the officer of health; but it was finally settled that the body should be taken to the Cathedral, as soon as the grave had been prepared, and after a short service there be carried at once to the cemetery. The Bishop received the body at the Cathedral at two, accompanied by all the clergy. At 2.30 the *cortège* started. The body was carried to the hearse by six policemen, who walked by it to the grave. The hearse was followed by the Bishop's carriage, with the Bishop, Father Scoles, and myself; three other Fathers followed; then the Governor and his secretary.

Many others followed on foot, and next Mr. Chatterton and friends. The prayers at the grave were said by the Bishop, the body of Father Perry was lowered into the grave at 4 p.m. Thus did the good religious and great astronomer meet his end, devoting himself to the last to the work which he had taken up as the best way for him to work for God's greater glory.

We make no apology for the length of quotations, for though our readers may have perused some of these details already, we are sure that they will not be sorry to re-read them. To omit the story of his death would have been impossible in the sketch of a life that ended so gloriously.

The lesson to be learnt is obvious. But we cannot refrain from putting to our readers the following question, Supposing

the impossibility that Father Perry's religious life was all a mistake, as modern materialists would have us believe, which is the better, to die with such consolations as were his at that supreme hour, with acts of love of God on his lips, and the hope of a glorious eternity in his heart, or satisfied with the praise and the honours of this world, to be content to pass away without hope in, or thought of, the life beyond the grave?

We hope in our next number to give a sketch of Father Perry as the man of science, and some account of his many labours for science and for God.

A. L. CORTIE.

The Cruise of the Cassini.

MANY works have been published on China, but there are few that throw a more vivid light on the curious customs and strange interior organization of the vast "Celestial Empire" than the account of the Cruise of the *Cassini* in Chinese waters.¹ The volume is mainly composed of the diary and letters of the Commandant. Even apart from the interesting nature of the subject, and the graphic and picturesque manner in which it is dealt with, the noble and exalted character of the Commandant, stamped upon every page of his account, bears with it a charm and attraction that are of themselves an all-sufficient recommendation of the work.

In the summer of 1845, François de Plas became acquainted at Paris with Auguste Marceau, captain of the *Arche d'Alliance*, a vessel fitted out by the Société de l'Océanie for the protection of the Catholic missions of Oceania. The self-sacrificing devotion of his friend to the interests of the foreign missions, seems to have inspired De Plas with the idea of taking a similar charge himself with regard to the Catholic missions of China. Accordingly he resolved to communicate his project to Admiral Romain Desfossés, the Minister of Marine, to whom he was at the time acting as aide-de-camp. Whether from motives of policy or of religion, the Minister approved of and seconded his idea, and placed at his disposal the French steam corvette *Cassini*.

De Plas, having got the blessing of the Holy Father on his expedition, took the command himself, and chose as his first officer Alexis Clerc, the future martyr of the Commune. On March 5, 1851, at eight o'clock in the morning, amid the roar of cannon, fired as a parting salute to the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the *Cassini* steamed out from her anchorage at Lorient. The sweet strains of the *Ave Maris Stella* went forth

¹ *Campagne du Cassini dans les Mers de Chine, 1851—1854.* Par le R. Père Mercier, S.J. Paris: 1889.

upon the morning air as, with high hopes and joyous hearts, the gallant Captain and crew sped gaily on their voyage to the distant shores of China.

The voyage was a prosperous one; and on the 18th of August they entered the waters of the China Sea.

I feel (writes the Commandant on that date) a sort of boyish delight at penetrating into the China Sea. In spite of the rain which has not ceased since our departure we were able to-day to catch a view of the principal features of the coast line. . . .

And later on he says :

The navigation of the China Sea, in the part at least which we have visited, is very interesting. Thousands of little islands lie scattered along the coast, whose inhabitants support themselves by fishing or by agriculture. . . . Not a foot of soil but is utilized; provided it will only grow a grain of rice or a sweet potato, it is under cultivation. The sea is literally covered with junks, which you sometimes meet even at great distances from land; and here and there we were obliged to make our way with great caution to avoid running foul of large barrels and other floating bodies which serve to mark the position of the fishermen's nets.

At Canton, De Plas became acquainted with the famous Abbé Huc. On the very first day of their acquaintance the Abbé was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony for a Chinese couple; the young lady is described as dressed in a robe of flowered silk with a red mantle of the same material, her head covered by a *black* veil and her hair flowing down in front in rich tresses so as to hide her face.

New Year's Day in Canton was a merry one. For weeks previously the principal streets were lined with tables laden with every species of dress, furniture, and fancy ware exposed for sale; and every shop was gay with all the choicest attractions of the season. It is expected, too, that accounts shall be adjusted on this day, and if the settlement is delayed the creditor has at times recourse to the unpleasant expedient of carrying off the house or shop door of his debtor, thus leaving him a prey to all comers. During the early hours of New Year's Day itself the streets were more than usually silent and deserted, but as the day wore on vast crowds came forth in holiday attire and filled the streets, hurrying to and fro on pleasure bent, or paying visits of friendship and congratulation to their neighbours. As evening approached, the gaming-houses began to be the great attraction.

Far into the night the gamblers hung with eager faces over the card-tables, and ever and anon the click of dice was heard throughout the brilliantly lighted saloons. Gambling, indeed, is a universal failing in China. At every street corner on festival-days huxters are to be found armed with cup and saucer playing on the credulity of a knot of lookers on, and relieving them of their spare cash pretty much after the manner of their European brethren at home.

Invitations to dinner are generally written on a slip of red paper and sent some days before. The form is somewhat as follows: "On the fourth day, a trifling entertainment will await the light of your countenance; Ching-Fou's compliments." While at Shang-hai, De Plas received a missive of this nature inviting him to dine with a gentleman named Tao-tai: they were fifteen at dinner including the French Minister. The first course consisted of bird's nests boiled down to the consistency of Vermicelli—this is looked upon as a great delicacy in China. Then came the *pièce de résistance* in the shape of shark's fins delicately cooked and served up with shark sauce—a delicious dish, no doubt, but somewhat too *recherché* for our degraded European taste. Out of respect for European prejudice, knives and forks had been substituted for the ancient and time-honoured pot-stick so dear to the hearts of the Chinese. "The dinner looked well," remarks De Plas, "yet I fear we did but scanty honour to it." No wonder; one's digestive organs do not readily accommodate themselves to such unwonted delicacies as shark's fins.

Some days later, De Plas received a similar invitation from an aged Chinese merchant whose name was *Lo*. This old gentleman, who was in his seventy-seventh year, received his guests with the utmost respect and hospitality, attending upon them himself together with his daughters. With his own hands he carried round the dried fruits, and filled their wine-glasses, while his daughters dispensed the fragrant treasures of the tea-pot. They were Christians, and formed a homely family simple in their ways; and De Plas seems to have found a greater relish in their dried fruit and their delicious tea than in the grander and more sumptuous repast of shark's fins. After the meal napkins dipped in warm water were handed round, wherewith it is the etiquette to wash the face before rising from table.

Early in the December of 1853, the *Cassini* entered the waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the king of Chinese rivers, and

after a voyage of about a week, came to an anchor in front of the great city of Nan-King. The visit, which is extremely interesting in its details, was undertaken with a view to protecting the Catholics of Nan-King against the persecution of the Kouang-si-jen. This famous tribe, issuing from one of the southern provinces of China called Kouang-Si, was for more than ten years the terror of the country, carrying their ravages as far north as Pe-King. Their leader, one Houng-Sieou-tsiuen, had a vision, it appears, in which he was instructed by the Celestial Father to preach the true doctrine, and abolish idolatry from off the face of the earth. On his objecting that he himself was ignorant of the nature of the doctrine he was called upon to preach, the Celestial Father bid him hunt about in the neighbourhood and he would find books setting forth the new gospel. "As for the rest," pursued the prophetic voice, "fear not, for I am with you to protect you ; obey, and nothing can resist you." Strange to say, he found the books, and with the assistance of an ancient pedagogue, who afterwards, in the absence of his chief, assumed the magnificent title of "King of the South," he became thoroughly proficient in the new theology. Having finished his studies, and gathered around him a formidable horde of the Miao-tse or children of the sun, he began his evangelical labours by burning towns, slaughtering men, and giving other undoubted proofs of the genuineness of his heavenly mission. Soon the insurrection assumed such formidable proportions as to threaten the overthrow of the existing Tartar Tsing dynasty, and in 1853 De Plas found the city of Nan-King in possession of one hundred thousand of these fanatics ; they had made this city their head-quarters and established a species of Commune, of which he gives the following description :

All the houses are public property ; clothing and provisions are deposited in the public stores, whilst gold, silver, and articles of value are carried to the treasury. Nothing is permitted to be bought or sold, it being the business of the chiefs to provide those under their charge with necessaries of all descriptions. It is truly wonderful how a population of more than a million souls can thus be clothed and supported in the very midst of a civil war, and even while a hostile army is actually besieging the city.

The Kouang-si-jen were not altogether at their ease at the sight of a French war-vessel so close to Nan-King, especially as the presence on board of the French Minister Plenipotentiary,

M. de Bourboulon, seemed to imply that the visit was not of a merely accidental character.

The crew of the *Cassini* were just sitting down to breakfast on the morning of their arrival when a cannon-shot was heard from a neighbouring fort, and a ball whistled past through the rigging; in an instant all hands were at the guns in expectation of an attack, but the Kouang-si-jen, probably taken aback by the menacing appearance of the French cannon, made no further demonstration of hostility. On an explanation being demanded, the officer in charge of the fort calmly replied that the cannon was fired in token of honour to the strangers, and apologized profusely for any inconvenience that might have arisen from the fact that it was loaded with lead!

Next day M. de Courcy, Secretary of the French Legation, accompanied by a Jesuit Father, P. Clavelin, went ashore, in accordance with previous arrangement, to have an interview with the Ministers. On landing they were met by an officer in charge of a band of the Kouang-si-jen armed with gongs and cymbals, who saluted their arrival with a terrific din, and kept on plying their deafening trade with might and main, until, after a walk of four or five miles, they reached the nearest of the city gates. This gate or vaulted entry is described as somewhat resembling the nave of a church, being in reality a sort of tunnel in the walls nearly forty feet in height by about thirty broad, and from sixty to eighty feet in length. Here they were surrounded by a large crowd, among whom was one man who immediately informed them that he was a Catholic. The Father was proceeding to address to him some words of exhortation and instruction when a sharp blow of a switch across the shoulders *nous fit comprendre*, as he remarks naively, *qu'il était temps de finir*. The aspect of affairs within the city is described as follows:

To reach the palace we had to traverse fully three miles of streets followed at times by a dense crowd. Everything presented the appearance of a camp rather than of a city, the streets being filled with soldiers, and all the shops closed. Many houses had been burned by their inhabitants, who preferred death to falling into the hands of the insurgents.

Again, in a letter dated the 27th of December, De Plas himself gives the following description of Nan-King:

I paid only one visit to Nan-King, in company with M. de Bourboulon. . . . This city once so flourishing inspired me with feelings

of sadness similar to those which one is apt to experience on visiting the ruins of Pompeii. The space enclosed by the fortifications is immense, but I doubt if even a third part of this vast enclosure is inhabited. The walls, which are in a fair state of preservation, embrace within their compass entire hills densely clad with foliage, and without a single habitation. These walls are from forty to fifty feet in height, formidable defences no doubt in the eyes of the Chinese, but of little avail against a European force.

The reception they met with at the Ministerial bureau did not altogether square with European notions of politeness. They were kept waiting in a dirty ante-chamber while the great hall was being got ready to receive them. Vexed and impatient at such unwarrantable delay, the Secretary of the Legation was about to shake the dust from his feet and take his departure, when the news came that everything was ready.

The sight that then unfolded itself before the eyes of the strangers filled them with amazement. Innumerable torches shed a dazzling lustre through the vast hall and showed to the bewildered gaze of the visitors a numerous and brilliant assembly, in the midst of which were seated the two Ministers surrounded by their suite. These exalted individuals were dressed in gorgeous robes of blue satin richly embroidered, and on the head of each rested a diadem of curiously wrought gold.

The Ministers rose from their seats as M. de Courcy entered the room, and a formal ceremony of introduction was gone through by means of an interpreter. Hereupon the Secretary of the French Embassy took occasion to inform their Highnesses of the mission of the *Cassini*, declaring that the object in view in coming to Nan-King was to look after and protect the interests of its Catholic population. This done, Père Clavelin requested some information as to the chief articles of their religious creed. To this request a young man replied by giving a rapid exposition of their doctrine, and concluded by informing his "brothers of the setting sun" in impressive and dignified terms that the Emperor Tai-ping had received a special mission to abolish idolatry from off the face of the earth. "But seeing that you," continued one of the Ministers, "adore the same true God as we do, so do we treat you not only as friends, but even as brothers."

Finding that the Kouang-si-jen were to all appearance well disposed towards the French, M. de Courcy, according to his instructions, made known the fact that the French Minister

Plenipotentiary was on board the *Cassini*, and that he desired to have an interview with the first Minister, and also with the Emperor Tai-ping himself. The latter request was refused, as the sacred person of the Emperor could not lightly be exposed to the gaze of profane mortals from barbarous lands beyond the seas; but the first Minister would be happy to afford an audience to M. de Bourboulon. Hereupon a day was fixed for the interview, and the visitors withdrew.

Some days after their arrival at Nan-King a Chinaman came alongside in a provision boat and asked to see the Commandant. No sooner was he safely on board than he appeared in all the glory of his pigtail, which, out of fear of the Kouang-si-jen, he had previously stowed away carefully under his hat, and presenting his card to M. de Plas, he requested to know on behalf of the "loyal and patriotic" mandarins of China, whether the French would consent to aid the Government against the advance of the insurgents. M. de Plas informed him that his present mission was, not to support the interests of any political party, but merely to look after and protect the Catholics. This answer seemed to satisfy him, and having carefully packed up his pigtail he took his departure.

On the 10th of December, at nine o'clock in the morning, the French Minister accompanied by the Commandant, Père Clavelin, and some others, embarked from the *Cassini* on board the pilot boat, and, followed closely by the ship's cutter, crossed the waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and entered a canal, which led them for an hour along the ramparts of the city. Arrived at length at one of the gates, the Minister and his suite mounted on horseback and entered the city. They first proceeded to the residence of the Ministers, Houan and Lai, who had on the previous occasion received M. de Courcy, and were now anxious to have the honour of an interview with M. de Bourboulon. As before, there was a long delay of fully an hour while these functionaries were putting on their state robes, and things were being got ready in the state-room. The interview was very brief, as M. de Bourboulon insisted on seeing the first Minister at once. Again they resumed their journey through the city, and on reaching the chief Minister's palace were immediately introduced into a large room prepared expressly for the audience. At the farther end was a raised platform on which were placed a sofa and a table for the first Minister. Facing the platform *in plano* were two rows of chairs; but for the French

Minister no place of honour appeared to have been assigned. Almost immediately on their entering the room, the large folding doors were thrown open, and a gorgeous procession composed of the chief men of the Kouang-si-jen filed in, in long array, followed by the two Ministers, Houan and Lai, *minus* their state costume ; and lastly, clad in costly robes, and beneath a huge umbrella, magnificently worked in all the richest colours of the rainbow, walked the mighty Tchen, first Minister of the nation. At a given signal every Chinaman was on his knees, his forehead pressed to the earth in token of profound submission, while the Minister, taking his place on the sofa, made a sign to M. de Bourboulon to take one of the seats ranged in front of the platform. Instead of doing so, however, De Bourboulon informed his Highness, through an interpreter, that if he was not provided with a sofa on the platform he would take his departure on the spot. The Chinese objected that such a demand was utterly opposed to all their customs ; and at last the difficulty was settled by their adjourning to a neighbouring apartment, where an informal interview took place. In thus insisting on the dignity of his position, M. de Bourboulon wished to impress on the Kouang-si-jen a due respect for the nation which he represented ; they, on the other hand, whilst being anxious to fill the French with an exalted idea of their greatness, and to secure, if possible, an alliance with that nation in their struggle against the Tartar dynasty, were not a little puzzled and suspicious as to what might be the real motive of the Europeans in coming such a distance to pay them a visit at Nan-King.

At the conclusion of the interview the Minister Tchen pressed M. de Bourboulon to accept the hospitality of the Ministerial palace for at least a night, remarking that they might thus be enabled to hold a conference on religious matters. De Bourboulon replied that he had with him a Catholic priest who would, no doubt, be happy to accept the offer. To this proposition the Jesuit Father joyfully assented. He then rose to take leave of the Chinese Ministers, who, however, remained seated till being informed that their manner of acting was not altogether in accordance with European ideas of politeness, they stood up and accompanied him to the door.

Père Clavelin, thus left to himself, had an excellent opportunity of discovering the treacherous dispositions of the Kouang-si-jen. Were it not, indeed, for the wholesome fear

with which the guns of the *Cassini* had inspired them, he would have had but a small chance of escaping alive from their midst. At first they treated him with an outward show of kindness; he supped with an officer who introduced him to his colleagues as "a brother from the regions of the setting sun," and he was lodged in a portion of the palace assigned to the petty chieftains. But ere night things began to change; one young chieftain asked him in a somewhat too familiar tone whether he was for Tai-ping or for Hien-foung. "For neither one or other," I replied. "And from what country are you then?" "From the land," I answered, "where strangers are treated with politeness and like true brothers." The other officers took care to repeat this reply to their youthful comrade lest he should not have fully understood its import. "And," adds Père Clavelin, "my young friend's countenance immediately became scarlet, he bit his lips and presently disappeared."

Next day matters grew more serious. Père Clavelin was summoned into the presence of the Minister Houan, who received him with a severe and haughty mien. Without waiting to be invited, the Father took a seat at his side, and was presently treated to a violent tirade against the action of the French in showing so much favour towards the Tai-tsing dynasty. "Since," said Houan, "the chief of these hellish imps (Hien-foung) finds such favour in your eyes, you are his friends; hence we are rebels, and therefore you are our enemies, and are come here as spies to find out the strong and the weak points of our position. Is there not in all this," he added, turning fiercely on Père Clavelin, "matter sufficient to justify my cutting off your head, or at least reducing you to slavery?" "And then," calmly rejoined the Father, "what would be the result?" As he made no answer to this somewhat embarrassing question the Jesuit continued: "The French Minister is a man of honour, he is not far from this, had you not better address these remarks to him?" Hereupon Père Clavelin proceeded to explain the special nature of his office as a priest and religious, and showed that such political matters in no way concerned him. The Chinese Minister, seeing that menaces were useless pretended to believe in the sincerity of his explanation, and ended by inviting him to lunch.

Yet on the following morning things were just as bad, or rather worse than ever. Houan again summoned the intrepid missionary before him. He began by enumerating a long series

of offences and injuries supposed to have been inflicted on him and on his nation by the French, and that with an energy and fury that made his whole suite tremble. Having thus worked himself up into a white heat, he asked the Father what reply he had to make. "My reply of yesterday holds good to-day as well," said Father Clavelin; "I have nothing more to add to it." Finding that nothing was to be got by way of threats or menaces, the Minister allowed him to retire.

Meanwhile his companion, Père Gotteland, had in vain endeavoured to penetrate into the city. Three days had passed, and a feeling of uneasiness at his prolonged absence began to prevail on board the *Cassini*. At length De Plas despatched a note to the palace formally recalling the Father. The Ministers urged a thousand pretexts for retaining him: they wanted to consult him, they said, regarding a communication they had to make to M. de Bourboulon, and it required all his firmness and determination to induce them to let him go.

Shortly after his return on board, a letter arrived from no less a personage than the "King of the North," wherein that potentate expressed his desire to see the French Minister. The note ran as follows:

Respect this. The King of the North orders his French brothers to appear before him that they may receive from him a verbal communication of his wishes. Let this be clearly understood.

Such impudence, even on the part of so exalted a person as the "King of the North," was a little too great for the feelings of a French Minister. M. de Bourboulon informed His Majesty in decisive and dignified terms that neither he nor his French brothers were accustomed to receive orders from any but their own Sovereign. Some hours later, a chief made his appearance on board and commanded De Plas, on behalf of the King, to take himself and his ship, with all possible speed, into other waters. The Commandant replied by ordering the visitor out of the ship, and on the latter showing a disposition to gratify his curiosity by a closer inspection of the vessel, threatened to have him arrested if he did not be off on the spot.

The object of the voyage to Nan-King had in great measure been attained, and on the 14th of December the *Cassini* weighed anchor, and leisurely proceeded down the river.

The scenery along the banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang is very

varied and interesting. In places great plains stretch far away to the horizon, presenting the appearance of a vast and richly wooded park. Here and there, in strange contrast to the dark green foliage, appear the curiously curved roofs of the pagodas with their varied colours glowing in the brilliant sunshine. And then again in parts the river flows in swift and silent course between huge beetling cliffs whose frowning brows are mirrored in depths below. The Yang-tse-Kiang takes its rise among the mountains of Thibet, amid the homes of the Thibetan Magi. Its upper course, in which it is sometimes called the Kin-chai-Kiang, extends to about eleven hundred miles, where, in its endless falls and tortuous windings through the wild mountainous regions of Thibet, it presents innumerable scenes of wondrous natural beauty. On crossing the Chinese frontier into the province of Yunnan, it flows for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles between high walls of rock through a mountain gorge of stupendous magnificence; thence passing through the provinces of Sechuen and Houpe it reaches the Kin-chow-foo, the great Chinese plain, and finally flows into the Tong-hai or Eastern Sea. Its entire length is said to be about three thousand miles, and so deep is it that in 1861 a British squadron sailed up it to a distance of over eight hundred miles. The tidal influence is felt at Lake Po-yang, four hundred and thirty-six miles from the sea.

One of the marvels of China is the great Imperial Canal, uniting the Yang-tse-Kiang with the Hoang-ho. Its construction, begun in the seventh and finished only in the fourteenth century, was the work of many dynasties. It is seven hundred miles in length, and varies from twenty to sixty yards in width, and while in some places it flows in a channel cut to a depth of fully seventy feet below the surface, in others its bed is raised to a height of thirty feet above the surrounding country. By means of this canal there is established what is believed to be the most magnificent system of water communication in existence—a system which unites together all the provinces of China, and affords an almost uninterrupted inland navigation from Canton to Pe-King.

At the point of junction of the canal with the Yang-tse-Kiang stands the city of Tchen-Kiang-fou, perhaps the most beautifully situated, says De Plas, of all the Chinese cities. It stands on an eminence overlooking the river; its turreted walls encircling it like a diadem, and terminating at either end in

lofty towers, whose battlements crest the summits of a huge cliff rising sheer out of the deep yellow waters at its base.

Early in the January of 1854 the *Cassini* was on its way back to France. "Je quitterai la Chine," writes De Plas on the eve of his departure, "avec le désir d'y revenir, car il y a beaucoup de bien à faire." During the two and a half years of his stay on the coasts of China he had passed from one great maritime station to another, aiding and encouraging by his presence and example the Catholics scattered through the various missions, and inspiring into the authorities, whether Insurgent or Imperialist, a salutary fear of the consequences of anything like intolerance or persecution. As we have said, he was no mere Government official. A high and noble purpose permeated all the tenour of his life; this fact we find revealed in every page of his diary and correspondence; and the deep religious spirit that pervades his every act forms a strange contrast to the surroundings amid which, throughout these years, his lot was cast. He ever dwelt within the shadow of the mighty grace that had so lately turned all his aspirations to his Maker, and the spirit of the holy prayer that he loved so often to repeat: *Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi*, was the incentive and the mainspring of a life of labour and self-sacrifice. In truth, throughout these years he did, and felt that he was doing, a most valuable work. By his mere presence at the head of a powerfully armed ship, declaring himself at every step the champion and defender of the Catholic religion, and acting as the accredited representative of a most powerful Catholic nation, he assuredly wrought far more for the cause of Catholicity in China than if he had gone forth himself professedly to preach the faith. No doubt in the field of missionary enterprise the undertaking was a novel one; but under the circumstances we conceive that in the ears of the Chinese "the murderous cannon's roar" was a more powerful argument for toleration of the poor Catholics than all the eloquence even of such missionaries as the able and accomplished Abbé Huc.

Love Divine.

I.

SITS a maiden in her bower,
Woven nook of bine and flower,
Flower-like fancies weaving she,
While with breath of evening hour,
Perfume-laden, mingling, meet,
Softest breathing that for sweet
E'er may be.

II.

As a robe of many dyes,
Loveliness about her lies,
Round her head an aureole,
Light of the light within her eyes,
Sheen of her visage angel-fair,
Shadow of the radiance rare
In her soul.

III.

Breathes he at her feet, fair youth,
Fondest love that e'er was truth,
She still answers yea nor nay,
Gazing but in tender ruth,
All too hallow'd to inspire
Hopeless hope of love's desire—
Come away !

IV.

Cease, O mortal ! vain thy suit,
Be thou ne'er so resolute ;
 Love, though fond and chaste as thine,
Noble heart and high repute,
 May not win, for all their worth,
 Love too sweet, too pure, for earth,
 Love Divine !

V.

Earthly love is dwindling store,
Heaven's doth grow from more to more,
 Deeper, sweeter, every day ;
Thine, at best, with life were o'er,
 Death her own, as night love's star,
 Will but make more glorious far,
 And for aye !

ROBERT STEGGALL.

The Working of Infallibility.

DR. SALMON, of Trinity College, Dublin, has recently brought out a book on Papal Infallibility which seems likely to be accepted as a Protestant text-book on the subject. The writer's reputation as a scholar was indeed great enough to found the expectation that any indictment proceeding from his pen would be formidable, and we know how prone men are to estimate a book by the author's qualifications rather than by its intrinsic merits. Were Dr. Salmon's composition tried by the latter test it would not be found so particularly valuable. Intelligent Catholic readers will at all events experience consolation rather than distress as they peruse its pages. The doctrine of Papal Infallibility must be set on a very solid basis, if even an opponent like Dr. Salmon cannot essay its overthrow until he has first substituted a ridiculous caricature for a correct representation of its nature.

We are not now proposing to construct a formal reply to this recent attack; indeed, formal reply to a work of such magnitude is always a questionable undertaking. Few readers will be at the pains to keep simultaneously open before them both the attack and the reply. Yet unless this effort can be counted on, the reply must either include minute statements of the adverse position and be rendered wearisome, or it must run the chance of being unintelligible. The preferable method is to deal independently with the subject-matter of such attacks according as opportunity offers, and our present intention is to clear away a current misconception as to the manner in which Papal Infallibility works and to show its relation to Theological Study. It is because Dr. Salmon is a good exponent of this misconception that we associate his name with our task and allow him to play the part of an objector.

It is said, then, that the actual working of our ecclesiastical system is inconsistent with belief in the much-boasted and recently defined doctrine of Papal Infallibility. The logical

outcome of a serious belief in this stupendous doctrine, we are told, would be a perpetual recourse to the oracle for the solution of all existing doubts. Had the belief been ancient, long and fierce controversies, such as that about the Immaculate Conception, or that about Grace and Free Will, between the Dominican and Jesuit schools, would never have been kept open as they were till a recent date in the one case, and still are in the other. Instead of arguing among themselves, the parties would at once have referred their dispute to the Pope, would have received and gratefully accepted from his lips a complete, comprehensive, and decisive exposition of the truth. Or if the belief is only modern, as of course good Protestants hold it to be so far as it is real at all, the definition should have been promptly followed by a business-like endeavour to despatch with all reasonable expedition the vast accumulation of arrears. An infallible text-book of Theology should have been drawn up to supersede the fallible Suarez and Franzelin as authorities on Dogma, and the fallible St. Alfonso and Ballerini as authorities on Moral. A complete infallible commentary on Scripture should have enabled the faithful to understand throughout that most difficult of books, and should have allayed the anxiety of minds troubled by the learned scepticism of the Biblical critics. Infallible manuals of ecclesiastical history should have rendered unnecessary the researches of the Hefeles and Hergenröthers. And infallible catalogues to Lourdes and similar places of devotional resort should have told us exactly how much to believe and how much to reject in the mass of alleged miracles which have adorned those popular shrines. It is obvious that nothing of all this has taken place: and what do we find in its place? On the part of the flock, doctrinal differences of opinion (on points not yet covered by formal definition) still continuing to exist and to grow fervid, and recourse had to the oracle only by the side which anticipates a judgment in its own favour, the other side meanwhile vehemently deprecating the reference and even warning the Pope of the danger to the faith which may result from condemnation of the views it advocates: on the other hand the supreme authority itself "shrinking with the greatest timidity from exercising this gift of Infallibility on any question which had not already settled itself without its help." If there were any reality, it is urged, about this professed belief in Papal Infallibility, could there be coexistent

with it all this reluctance to see it exercised? If the Pope himself believed in it, could he delay to use a power incapable of misuse, till the opportunity for its useful exercise was gone by? If the faithful believed in it, would they not court and welcome decisions which could prove adverse to any previous convictions of the applicants only by furnishing the consolatory assurance that these convictions had been fallacious, and by substituting the truth in their place. Thus the conclusion at which all good Protestants are invited by Dr. Salmon to arrive is that the Catholic profession of belief in Papal Infallibility, although so concordant and so loud-voiced, is nevertheless unreal; that it is in fact on the part of the masses a gigantic delusion, on the part of the priesthood a gigantic comedy.

Presumably this indictment was found crushing by the youths for whose instruction and delectation Dr. Salmon's lectures were intended. More philosophic heads would have gathered from the mere fact of the glaring inconsistency between the doctrine and the practice of the Church as described to them by the lecturer, a very strong suspicion that the description given was untrustworthy. They would surmise that either the doctrine or the practice must have been radically misrepresented to them. Rational observers perceive that the leading spirits of the Catholic Church are not altogether uncharacterized by sincerity and intelligence: that they are not, at all events, quite so insincere as to blind their eyes deliberately to the light, nor quite so unintelligent as to miss sight of an inconsistency glaring enough to arrest the attention of the simplest: that, on the contrary, they are men of deep moral earnestness, altogether above the iniquity of consciously playing a hideous religious farce, and so given to a searching scrutiny of all the chambers and even corners of their intellectual creed as to incur the charge rather of over-subtlety than of over-dulness.

Dr. Salmon has in fact been so heedless as to confound *Assistentia* with *Inspiration*. He has assumed that we attribute the Infallibility we recognize in the Pope to *Inspiration*, whereas we point out with untiring insistency that it is an Infallibility not due to *Inspiration* but to *Assistentia*. His misconception goes further still. He practically assumes that the *Inspiration* on which he imagines the Popes to rely, is taken by them to be of a kind without parallel in the annals of God's dealing with men, going even beyond what rational theologians attribute to the writers of Holy Scripture. Let us explain.

Papal Infallibility has never been supposed by any one to result from the natural capabilities of the holder. The prerogative is, of course, quite beyond the power of nature to confer, whether as an innate faculty or by way of training. Nor again do we foolishly ascribe it, as Dr. Salmon in some places strangely imagines, to the Pope's official quality. The mere possession of a particular office is obviously a cause disproportionate, or rather in no way proportionate, to the production of an intellectual endowment. What the Papal office can do, and what we claim that it does do, is to confer a title involving, under God's appointment, a claim upon His wisdom and goodness to assist the holders of this office, and enable them to fulfil their function of preserving the Church from error. The direct cause of the Papal Infallibility, in the judgment of Catholics, is the guidance received from the Holy Spirit. Dr. Salmon will hardly deny the *possibility* of a guidance such as this being imparted, or its power infallibly to secure the recipient from error in judgments delivered under its influence. If he does let him be consistent, and either deny generally the doctrine of a Divine Providence overruling human efforts and guiding them to Its own ends, or else in loyal obedience to his narrow conception of it, cast in his lot with the Peculiar People and decline the services of the physician. At all events, in the present article we are concerned with explanations only, not with proof. Our task is to show how Catholics understand the doctrine, and that their doctrinal conception is not contradicted by their practice.

Now this Divine aid might conceivably be given either by way of Inspiration, after the type of that accorded to the writers of Holy Scripture, or by way of Assistentia,¹ after the type set by the general action of Divine Providence. Inspiration directly communicates the thoughts of God to the inspired subject and impels him to deliver them to mankind. Assistentia, as its name implies, stands by him like a guide, and whilst allowing him the exercise of his natural faculties, guards him against error by providentially influencing the setting forth of the evidence before his mind, and causing him to see the propositions under consideration in their true light. The one is an impulse: the other is an aid. Inspiration has the necessary effect of causing the book written or the judgment

¹ There is no English word which exactly answers to the Latin, so that it could be used without fear of misunderstanding.

delivered to be the book or the judgment of God ; Assistentia leaves them in their previous quality of human compositions, while it guarantees their declarations against error by the Divine aid which it administers. The one dictates : the other guards. The one teaches by communicating a formal impulse to the mind : the other teaches by overruling the course of events and the natural exercise of human industry.

It must be clear now, that if the prerogative claimed by the Popes is only that of Assistentia, there is no ground whatever for the charge of inconsistency and insincerity urged against the present working of our system. If Assistentia is what the Popes are relying on, they ought not to dispense with industrious research into the truth of the disputed doctrine, whether on their own part, or on that of their co-adjutors. On the contrary, their deep sense of responsibility should display itself in endeavours to sustain the theological schools, and to stimulate them to sound and solid theological study. They ought not at once to suppress controversy on still unsettled questions, but rather to encourage them, only striving to restrain them within due limits. They ought not to be rash in issuing authoritative decisions, and we should expect a number of tentative and provisional measures as forerunners of the final definitions ; measures which should deal only with particular aspects of the subject, or should withdraw from the debateable area certain extreme propositions tending to overstep its boundaries. They ought finally to be cautious and refrain for a considerable period from the highest exercise of their responsibility, so as to give time for the complete presentation and appreciation of the evidence. In the meanwhile they should content themselves with judgments which, though official because delivered in virtue of their office, would not be, because not intended to be and not marked by their language as intended to be, judgments of that supreme and final character which impose an absolute obligation of faith upon the people and are conventionally called *ex cathedra*. In short, if the Catholic theory is one which holds the Pope to be infallible through that kind of Divine aid called Assistentia, the practice which has in fact resulted and seems to Dr. Salmon, and those who think like him, so inexplicable and inconsistent, is exactly that which consistency would require.

Nor can Dr. Salmon be held excused for not knowing

that Assistentia is what we believe in. In the Vatican Decree this is expressly stated: "The Holy Spirit was promised to Peter and his successors . . . that with Its Assistentia (*eo assistente*) they might holily guard and faithfully expound the revelation or deposit of faith handed down through the Apostles." It might, indeed, possibly be objected that a technical meaning could not be suspected in a term like Assistentia, which does not bear it, and yet is of common use, in the circle of literature to which a Protestant student's reading is confined. But a man occupying Dr. Salmon's position ought not in decency to attack and to hold up to ridicule a doctrine held by opponents without first taking the pains to consult their accredited expositions of it. Had he done this, he must at once have seen how they state and accentuate this very point of the distinction between Assistentia and Inspiration, through failure to observe which he advances his charge of inconsistency.

Even if we did attribute to the Pope an Infallibility arising from Inspiration, it would not at once follow that our existing practice was inconsistent with it. What Dr. Salmon's own view as to the nature of biblical inspiration may be, we are unaware. He belongs, apparently, to the Broad Church persuasion, and their idea of inspiration is apt to be indeterminate and unanalyzed. However, no one of ordinary intelligence and reflexion will venture to deny, and Catholic theologians at all events admit and maintain, that the sacred writers came to their task with minds already well stored with knowledge obtained by natural means concerning the subject about which they were to write as instruments of the inspiring Spirit. The inspiring action largely took the form of selecting from this existing store of natural knowledge the ideas and statements that were to be communicated by God to men, and of dictating the order and arrangement into which the composition should fall. Only where this store was deficient was recourse had to fresh revelation. By this means a double advantage was gained. In virtue of the Divine impulse directly dictating the selection and arrangement, the book became one of which God was the true Author, to which in consequence the Divine authority is fully pledged. In virtue of the writer's natural knowledge derived from experience and research, it became also the work of man, and possesses the same sort of credibility which is conferred upon human compositions by the authority, whatever

it may be, of the writers. This second kind of attestation is inferior, in itself, to the first, but it can come sooner into play. It appeals equally to all; to those who acknowledge, and to those who deny, to the book the further quality of inspiration. Moreover by guaranteeing the truth of the facts recorded, it can supply the certain premisses from which eventually through a course of argument the divinity of the books can be established, and the reader convinced of the true degree of their exalted value.

Inspiration, again, need not be continuous and probably has always been intermittent. There is no reason for thinking that St. John could at any time have sat down to write his Gospel, or that he could at will have added to it a complete inspired history of the Church, a sort of continued Acts of the Apostles brought down to the end of the first century. At certain times, and then only, the Holy Spirit acted upon minds already wrought into fitness by previous studies and experience of the particular subject-matter, and inspired them to write down the Divine thoughts respecting it. Hence even if we believed the Popes to be endowed with an Infallibility derived from inspiration intermittently granted after due use of human means of attaining to the truth, the existing system, at all events in its substance, would still be the resultant practice.

If, on the other hand, Papal Infallibility were believed to rest on an inspiration absolutely continuous; on one in no sense connected with any necessity for recourse to human industry by way of preparation; one again extending to all branches of the Divine revelation down to its minutest details, such as the sense of each verse in Scripture or the truth about each subtlety of theological speculation; one comprehending within its sphere of complete knowledge, along with the public revelation granted through our Blessed Lord, even the private revelations and the connected miracles which from time to time are claimed to occur, then possibly we might anticipate as the consistent result a crop of infallible text-books on theology, infallible commentaries on Scripture, infallible histories of the Church, and infallible guides to miracles, together with prompt recourse to the Holy See, and prompt *ex cathedra* definitions in reply, whensoever a new doubt arose and created momentary controversy among the faithful. If therefore Dr. Salmon proposes to persevere in charging us with inconsistency because our practice is not characterized by phenomena like these, will he at all events have the goodness

to satisfy our reasonable demands by pointing out at least one Catholic book of respectable authority which attributes to the Pope this second and unparalleled kind of inspiration ?

Although enough has been said to expose the hollowness of Dr. Salmon's charge of inconsistency, a more expanded account of the nature and purpose of Catholic theological study and the attitude of the Holy See towards it is desirable. The Christian revelation, as is clear from the New Testament, was first delivered to the Apostles, and through them communicated orally to the faithful who formed the earliest component generation of the Church. These in their turn were to pass it on in like manner to the generation that should come after. For that purpose, though not for that only, the distinction between clergy and laity was introduced and the clergy were formed into a hierarchy : namely, in order that there might be a united and organized class specially devoted to the work of teaching and guarding from corruption the precious deposit. This method of handing down the faith from one generation to another is called Tradition, and the term can be taken to designate either the process of handing down, or the body of doctrines communicated by it to the consciousness of the faithful. In theological terminology, the process is called Active Tradition, and the body of doctrines communicated Passive Tradition.

That this was the original arrangement is not and could not be denied by Protestants any more than Catholics. However, a few out of the number of the Apostles and the subordinate members of the primitive teaching staff, were moved to write the inspired books of the New Testament. Thus a new element, a new instrument of teaching, was obtained, and when it came into being, according to the Protestant view, it superseded not indeed the system of teaching through the instrumentality of a class set apart, but the authority which had previously attached to their teaching. Originally the guarantee of orthodoxy in the teaching had been found in the assured orthodoxy of the teachers ; the assurance being derived, humanly from the spirit of adherence to the doctrines of the Apostles which characterized them and the unity of organization which held them together, supernaturally from the special overruling providence of Jesus Christ who promised to be ever with His Church and from the inworking of the Holy Spirit. But according to Protestants this arrangement was only provisional. When an inspired text at length appeared, con-

formity with its declarations became the certification of true teaching, and was the only one required. Accordingly, unity of organization, ceasing to be an absolute necessity, was allowed to break up; the inworking of the Holy Spirit drew off into the newer channels; and the spirit of adherence to the faith of the past became in consequence valueless. In opposition to this Protestant belief, the Catholic Church holds that the original system was intended by our Lord to be permanent, and that the accession of an inspired text, so far from being granted with the object of superseding it, was granted as a valuable and almost indispensable means of enabling it to carry out its own idea. The Tradition of the Church and the doctrine of Holy Scripture were intended to explain and confirm each other. Tradition completes and interprets the many partial and allusive statements of Holy Scripture; Scripture gives definite and exact expression to doctrines which Tradition finds in its own consciousness.

There is thus a double fund whence the matter of Catholic teaching is to be sought, and a double field of investigation is offered to the Catholic student desirous to penetrate to a deeper understanding of its meaning and contents. Each of these two branches of study has its own peculiar methods. In the field of Tradition the object is to ascertain how much is Divine and original, to separate this from what is of ecclesiastical institution, and this again from what is merely legendary. The tests to be applied are partly the usual principles of historical research, and partly "the sense of the faithful." The relevance of the ordinary historical principles needs no vindication. The relevance of the latter follows on the supposition, which to Catholics is a firm conviction, that the faith of the Church is indefectible. If it is impossible for the entire Church to believe as matter of faith what is no genuine portion but only a corruption of the Divine revelation, then the actual faith of the Universal Church on any point, whether found in formal definitions or in universal acceptance, is decisive evidence of its truth and Divine origin. In this sense, whatever *is* in the Catholic Church is true. There can, however, be a right and a wrong application of the theological, just as much as of the historical, tests. The application in each case is for scholars who understand the principles accurately, and are careful to examine profoundly into the facts. It is not for those who base off-hand assertions on superficial surveys.

To take an instance. We are told sometimes that for many centuries the Pythagorean doctrine concerning the movement of the sun round the earth was believed by the entire Church to be an article of faith. Such an assertion is due to defective analysis of the facts. A more thorough scrutiny would have perceived that the absolute insistency was throughout on the irrefragable authority of Holy Scripture, and only extended to the Pythagorean theory on the supposition that this was necessarily involved in the biblical statements. When it became clear how vast is the difference between the order of astronomical appearances and the order of underlying realities, exegesis drew the sound conclusion that popular language must be taken as referring not to the realities but to the appearances, and its truthfulness estimated accordingly. The supposed connexion between the Pythagorean theory and Holy Scripture was then seen to be non-existent, and accordingly the theory ceased to be one of theological importance.

In the field of Biblical Interpretation, the tests to be applied by the student are again partly natural, partly theological. The natural tests are the ordinary principles of exegesis by which the writer's meaning is gathered from the objective force of his language. The theological tests, apart from the occasional decisions of authority which will come under notice presently, are resolvable into consistency with the prescriptions of the Doctrinal Tradition whose nature has just been expounded. Since Truth is at unity with itself, every ascertained truth is a criterion by which to estimate the truth or falsehood of whatever proposition is still matter of debate. Not indeed that it can ever be permissible to do violence to the legitimate force of terms, and strain a passage of Scripture into conformity with truths otherwise known or imagined. But language is often ambiguous, and fails to determine which out of two or more possible senses is that in the mind of the writer; and, again, language can be misunderstood through failure to grasp all the unexpressed conditions which invariably accompany it and are, consciously or unconsciously, relied upon by the writer as contributing to make it intelligible to others. In both cases certain information otherwise attainable of the writer's mind is an assistance towards detecting his present meaning; and this is the function which Catholics attribute to Doctrinal Tradition in elucidating the interpretation of Scripture. This, too, is what they mean when they ascribe

decisive authority to the "unanimous consent of the Fathers" on any point of exegesis. They never suppose that the Fathers have delivered themselves concordantly on every Scriptural statement, or, in fact, on more than a very few. Rather they assume that the Fathers would not and do not agree in *insisting* on a particular interpretation as orthodox and alone orthodox, except in so far as they are speaking as witnesses to the Doctrinal Tradition of which the Church has accepted them as authentic exponents.

To these two branches of Catholic teaching and study, a third has yet to be added: *Fides quærit intellectum*—"Faith seeks to understand." Revelation communicates a mass of truths to man, and calls upon him to believe them on the authority of God. The act of believing is faith. But it is not possible to stop here. What happens in every other field of knowledge happens here too. The mind is active and desires to penetrate ever deeper and deeper into the meaning of the truths testified to it. With this intention it proceeds to study their mutual bearing; to draw inferences from them both speculative and practical; to appreciate accurately their interrelation with surrounding truths and facts of the natural order, and thereby to build up an ever-rising and expanding doctrinal system. This branch of Catholic study, and this alone, is in the schools called Theology; the term being taken, according to its strict etymological value, to denote *reasoning* about God (and God's Revelation). As, however, the term "theology" has obtained in modern days a more general signification, it will be better to designate this third branch of sacred study Theological Inference.

Once more the procedure is by means of tests partly natural, partly theological. The function of theological inference being to deduce from premisses supplied by revelation and received by faith the conclusions which follow therefrom in due course of logic, the natural tests are the ordinary principles of reason. The theological tests, since they continue the same as in the previous cases, need no further exposition: obviously, the truth of Scripture, and of the unwritten tradition, being assumed, no theological inference can be sound which is inconsistent with any one of their pronouncements. It is still necessary, however, to remind the thoughtless, that in recognizing the theological by the side of the natural tests, we are not predisposing ourselves to accept reasoning which by an un-

biased judgment would be deemed unsatisfying and perverted. If the theological tests should condemn conclusions at which we have arrived by way of natural reasoning, we conclude that the reasoning has in some as yet unperceived point been faithless to its own laws, and we proceed to reconsider it with more care.

Mainly to the province of Theological Inference belong those Developments of Doctrine which Dr. Salmon, in common with many Protestants, finds to involve abandonment of the creed of antiquity. Indeed theological inference and doctrinal development are two terms practically synonymous. Dr. Salmon, again in common with most Protestants, is absurd enough to take the word "development," affix to it a signification of his own, and then proceed to impute to us a doctrine concerning it in no sense ours. With these critics of our position, development is supposed to be the process of discarding from time to time dogmas previously accepted and embracing others: the advance of knowledge demonstrating the necessity of the substitution. Such a doctrine we repudiate utterly. Nor is it justified in calling itself a doctrine of *development*. To discard a former tenet as erroneous and substitute another, is to change not to develop. Development does not discard: it evolves. It may indeed reform terminology, elaborating it into a more perfect instrument of exact expression, and it may in consequence occasionally discard a few phrases formerly current which no longer convey the true meaning. But it abandons no single doctrine hitherto of Catholic acceptance. On the contrary, the first law of its being is to hold tenaciously to them all. It only seeks to understand them more thoroughly: to pass from implicit to explicit knowledge of their contents and to safeguard their exact meaning by more precise and scientific definitions and expositions. Take a crucial instance. Dr. Salmon is ignorant enough to assume that we should grant him the novelty of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; that it was never believed or imagined by the Fathers and was opposed by the earlier theologians. We should grant him nothing of the kind. Throughout all the long and acute discussions and controversies both sides were equally agreed on the impossibility of defining anything not conclusively shown to be ancient and original. The great endeavour of the advocates of the doctrine was in fact to establish its claims to this character of originality. If Dr. Salmon will refer, as he ought already to have done, to the theological literature of the doctrine, he will find with what assiduity the theologians collect together from ancient Fathers

and writers of authority passages ascribing to our Blessed Lady purity of the most absolute kind : and how they proceed from this basis to argue, first, that the statements of these writers were made under conditions entitling them to be regarded as representative of the general belief of the Church ; secondly, that they are statements which by force of terms, inclusively though implicitly, ascribe to our Blessed Lady a purity extending even to the first instant of her life.

Enough has now been said, not indeed to form an adequate account of this vast subject, but to indicate sufficiently for present purposes, the lines on which Catholic study proceeds. The attitude of the Pope towards it in the discharge of his magisterial office has also been indicated, and has been found not only to consist with it but even to require it. The Pope is set over the Catholic study as its supreme guardian and judge. His duty is to maintain it within truthful channels ; and, since he is bound to avail himself of the most suitable human means of forming sound judgments, he must mix in the studies which he controls. He must endeavour to be conversant with them, and for that purpose must summon to his side the most qualified theologians. Thus equipped he watches with untiring vigilance the course of speculation and marks its various tendencies. Such aberrations of opinion as he judges to be clearly mischievous or heretical, he promptly suppresses. But he prudently abstains from reproving opinions which, even if they should eventually turn out to be erroneous, in the present stage of investigation, advance a debateable claim to arise out of, or consist with, the accepted truths of faith. As time goes on and progress is made in the understanding of the questions under examination, it will become increasingly manifest which of the competing opinions furnishes the really legitimate doctrinal development or the really correct account of the contents of Scripture or Tradition. At length may come the hour when the Pope can see his way to a solemn settlement of the doubt by a formal *ex cathedra* definition.

Such is the relation of the Papal *magisterium* to theological study, viewed from its human side, and so far no one can conceivably charge the system with inconsistency. Nor again, as has been shown, does it become irrational when combined with belief in the existence of a Divine Assistentia overruling and directing the course of the human efforts made by the Pope, after the manner in which the general providence of God overrules the industry of man. Nevertheless, in the consciousness

of being thus supported, the Pope, and his flock with him, are able to have the calm assurance that the *ex cathedra* definitions to which the exercise of his human industry and prudence has led him, are those of Divine and Infallible Truth.

There is one point in Dr. Salmon's charge which we have still to rebut. Why, he has asked, if Catholics believe in Papal Infallibility, do they show reluctance to have it exercised when it condemns the doctrines which they have hitherto cherished? The answer is not difficult. That there should be intense opposition to such definitions on the part of those affected by them up to the moment of their issue, is a thing altogether to be expected in the working of a system like that we have described. If definitions are prepared not only under Divine control but also by human industry, it is right and proper that the advocacy of the losing cause should be maintained persistently up to the last. Till the sentence is actually pronounced against them, men can be lawfully persuaded that it never will be pronounced, and that their efforts may be the appointed means, under God's Providence, of preventing the pronouncement. When at length it has been pronounced, the case is altered. We freely concede to Dr. Salmon that distress at the course it has taken, and still more hesitation to accept, is inconsistent with genuine belief in the Infallibility of the defining power. But what then? If some Catholics do show these dispositions, is this more wonderful than murmuring against God's Providence on the part of those who sincerely believe that all things which happen "work together for good to those that love God"? Faith is confessedly a trial as well as a blessing, and human nature is weak. However, it is a gross libel on Catholics to insinuate that this inconsistent attitude towards the *ex cathedra* definitions is general among them. Every one knows how universally the minority in the Vatican Council accepted the decrees when passed. Protestants may fondly imagine that in thus yielding, these prelates were doing violence to their consciences. This, however, is a delusion. Their assent was not constrained and external only. It was from the heart: it was sincere and willing. Nor was it in any sense inconsistent with their previous attitude. In yielding, they were yielding to the force of argument: the definition, to believers in Infallibility, introducing a new and decisive argumentative element into the balance.

S. F. S.

Irish Worthies of the Sixteenth Century

FATHER DAVID WOULFE.

IT is universally acknowledged that "in the sixth and seventh centuries Ireland reached a high degree of learning and culture, which were diffused by her innumerable missionaries throughout all Europe."¹ But only those who are acquainted with the by-ways of Irish history are aware that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that little island produced very many remarkable men of world-wide reputation; and, perhaps, few Irishmen of our times know even the name of Father Richard Fleming, S.J., who was Chancellor of the University of Pont-à-Mousson, and for his extraordinary ability was selected by the Society to replace the celebrated Maldonatus, as professor of theology in the College of Clermont in Paris. Who has heard of the four Waddings, of Waterford, all men of distinction at the same period, of the same family, and of the same Order, one of whom, Peter, was Chancellor of two German Universities at one and the same time? How many, save the erudite Bishop Reeves and Cardinal Moran, know anything of Stephen White, S.J., so much praised by Ussher and many other competent judges, and styled "Polyhistor," on account of the vastness of his erudition? It is time to put before our readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, sketches of these and other long-forgotten worthies, who by their talent, labours, and virtues shed lustre on the land of their birth. I propose to write at present only of the members of the Society of Jesus. Hereafter I shall give biographies of laymen, learned bishops, priests, and members of religious orders, of one of whom the Bollandist De Buck significantly says: "The Order of St. Francis has produced a great number of *savants* and historians; but has it produced historians more erudite than

¹ Words of Dr. Bellesheim in the *Literarische Rundschau*, November, 1889, column 333. See also *THE MONTH*, January, 1890.

Wadding, Ward, Fleming, Colgan, and O'Sherrin, all of them Irishmen?¹

One of the kindly influences under which Irish intellect and talent were allowed to develop themselves in the sixteenth century was the Apostolic charity of St. Ignatius of Loyola. In the year 1555 he wrote to Cardinal Pole: "There is in the German College one Englishman of good natural ability, and in our Roman College one Irishman of great promise. If your Eminence should think proper to send from those islands some talented youths to either of these Colleges, I entertain a hope that they could soon return home well equipped with learning and virtue, and with a supreme veneration for the Holy See. We have thought it our duty to make this proposal under the impulse of a great desire to be of service to the souls of those kingdoms—a desire which the Divine and Sovereign Charity has communicated to our heart." On the feast of St. Patrick, 1604, St. Ignatius' successor, Father General Aquaviva, expressed his wish, that "by all means Irishmen should be admitted into the Society, as they seem formed for our institute by their humility, obedience, charity, and learning, in all which, according to the testimonies that come from all quarters, the Irish very much excel." Finally, in the year 1652, all the Fathers of the tenth General Congregation assembled at Rome unanimously decreed on the feast of St. Patrick, that every Province of the Society should undertake to have always one Irish Jesuit in training at its own expense for the distinguished Mission of Ireland.²

It is remarkable that the year, in which this kindlier influence radiated from the heart of St. Ignatius, was that in which war

¹ *Archéologie Irlandaise*, p. 46.

² Hogan's *Hibernia Ignatiana*, pp. 4, 5. The Latin originals run thus: "Est in Collegio Germanico unus Anglus indolis et ingenii boni et in Collegio nostro Hibernus magnæ spei unus. Si in rem futurum existimaverit Dominatio V. Rmæ. mittere istinc aliquos ingenio et natura factos ad literas ad utrumvis collegium, in spem venio brevi tempore eos regredi posse ingenti cum fructu vitæ et doctrinæ, et hujus Sanctæ Sedis summa cum veneratione. . . . Nostrum esse duximus id offerre, quod animo nostro injicit illa, quam Divina et Suprema Charitas nobis impertitur, cupiditas serviendi animabus istorum Regnorum." (S. Ignatii Epistola ad Card. Pole, Jan. 24, 1555.)

"Admitti Hibernos desiderat omnino Pater Generalis, quum ad institutum nostrum facti quodammodo videantur humilitate, obedientia, charitate et doctrinæ laude, quibus, omnium locorum testimonio, valde excellunt." (Epistola P. Assistentis Germaniæ in festo S. Patricii, 1604.) This extract is taken from Father FitzSimon's *Catalogus Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, which is appended to the *Hiberniæ Vindicia*, a work attributed to Father FitzSimon, S.J.

was first waged against the education of Irishmen. Father FitzSimon, S.J., in his Preface to his *Treatise on the Mass*, writes in the year 1611: "From about the year 1555, as is well known, these late heresies by force, never by voluntary allowance, oppressed religion in our country, *banished teachers, extinguished learning, exiled to foreign countries all instruction*, and forced our youth either at home to be ignorant, or abroad in poverty rather to glean ears of learning than with leisure to reap any abundance thereof. Yet such as travelled to foreign countries, notwithstanding all difficulties often attained to singular perfection and reputation of learning in sundry sciences, to principal titles of universities, to high prelacies, of whom some are yet living, some departed in peace. Seventeen years ago, Christopher Cusacke, a man of honourable descent and alliance with the noblest ranks, of great virtue, zeal, and singular sincerity, yet inexperienced in foreign countries, meanly languaged, and meanly furnished for a building to reach this height, began to assemble and maintain our young students in this place of Douay, wherein at this instant I am resident. It cannot be imagined how much since that time the obscurity of our nation's renown hath been diminished, and the glory thereof increased; how much the name of Ireland has become venerable, nay, admirable for peculiar towardness to learning, forwardness to virtue, modesty of conversation, facility to be governed, consent among themselves, and promptness to all that might be exacted, yea, or in reason expected, of any of most complete and conformable education or condition. Let none think that any partial affection has had place in this attestation, considering such to be the public and private letters patent and testimonies of princes, prelates, universities, cities and colleges, extant to all men's view; so that little may rather seem affirmed than their desert duly declared. I omit to speak of other Irish seminaries in Spain of no less commendation, increase and account." In another book Father FitzSimon thus addresses his Father General, Aquaviva: "I proclaim that I am greatly indebted to you for the immense services rendered to myself and to my country. To us you have been not only a Father General, as you are to all the members of our Society, but you have wished to be our Father Assistant by the special care you have taken of us. With what solicitude have you not rescued us from the greatest difficulties! What shelter and comfort did you not afford us when we were abandoned on

every side! With what an open heart you have admitted our candidates; at what expense have you not nursed our sick and infirm, with what wholesome advice you have cheered us while we were fighting the good fight! Under your auspices, in spite of a thousand obstacles, we possess in Spain alone three seminaries, from which the waters of the faith incessantly flow over to our kingdom and the neighbouring islands."¹

I shall now proceed to lay before the reader some sketches of Irish Jesuits, who distinguished themselves in the first century of the Society of Jesus.

David Woulfe was received into the Society by its holy founder some time between the years 1541 and 1551. He was born in Limerick, about the year 1520, in which city men of his name held the office of mayor in the sixteenth century, and from which, in 1594, "a hundred tall men went to ye North under the leadinge of David Woulfe, captaine," to fight for Elizabeth against the formidable O'Neills. Under the leading of David Woulfe, S.J., Ireland successfully resisted the inroads of the heresy of which Elizabeth was the head. He was, says Cardinal Moran, "one of the most remarkable men who, during the first years of Elizabeth's reign, laboured in our Irish Church to gather together the scattered stones of the sanctuary."² He spent seven years in Rome, where he became a professed Father. What work he was engaged in there I have not been able to ascertain; but before the year 1560 he had been long and much employed in "evangelical expeditions." In 1557 he was Rector of the College of Modena; in 1559 he was sent to the Valtelline to found a college there, and to perform other duties of the ministry. In 1560, Cardinal Morone, founder of the College of Modena, and Protector of Ireland, seeing that Elizabeth had declared herself in favour of the new heresy, thought it necessary that a pious and prudent man should be sent to Ireland to examine into the state of religion, to confirm laymen and ecclesiastics in the practice of piety and in obedience to the Holy See, and to preserve the Irish people in the profession of the true faith of their fathers. Father Woulfe was considered most fit for such a difficult task; he had all the necessary qualities, he knew his country and countrymen well, and had long practice and much

¹ Hogan's *Life and Letters of Henry FitzSimon*, pp. 68, 81. Dublin: Keating.

² Cardinal Moran's *Archbishops of Dublin*, p. 77.

experience in evangelical expeditions.¹ He had already settled the affairs confided to him in the Valtelline, and with Father Possevino was engaged in useful labours at Fossano, when he was called to Rome. The Pope wished to consecrate him a bishop, and send him home with the full powers of an Apostolic Nuncio. But the General, Father Laynez, requested that as a member of the Society he should not be made a bishop, and he suggested that he could thus work more freely, and would give less umbrage to the enemies of the Catholic faith. The Pope consented, but gave him plenary powers, commissioned him to examine what sees were vacant, and to recommend to His Holiness proper persons to fill them. His Superiors charged him to visit the chief Catholics of the kingdom, and specially the four principal Princes, or Lords, to visit all the bishops and the parish priests, and even to risk his life, if necessary, in the discharge of his duties for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. He left Rome on August 11, 1560, with another Irish Jesuit named Edmund. At Nantes he was taken for a Lutheran, and imprisoned and otherwise harassed for four days; at St. Malo's, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his companion, he put his luggage on board a vessel, and journeyed on foot to Bordeaux, and thus his life was spared for the good of his country, as the ship with its crew and cargo was lost. Though dreadful storms were raging at that time, and had wrecked many goodly vessels, in spite of the warnings of his friends he sailed from Bordeaux, and reached Cork on January 21, 1561, having been four months on his journey from Rome. When he had secretly made known the object of his mission, crowds of men and women came from all parts, even from a distance of sixty miles, to get his blessing and settle the affairs of their consciences. In accordance with the ardent wish of St. Ignatius, he selected and sent many Irish youths to Rome. In compliance with the mandate of the Pope, he sought out and recommended learned and pious priests to fill the vacant sees; and the names of Richard Creagh of Armagh, Donall MacCongail of Raphoe, Owen O'Hairt of Achonry, Morogh MacBrian of Emly, Conor O'Cervallain, and Nicholas Landes, not to mention others, are a guarantee of the fidelity with which he carried out the orders of the Holy See. He resided for the most part in his native

¹ This would seem to convey that he had entered the Society before the date 1551, which we have gathered from the statement of Primate Creagh.

diocese, yet visited Tirone, and Shân the Proud, Prince of Ulster, and traversed the various regions of Ulster and Connacht; but on account of the "wars," and the many dangers of falling into the hands of English agents and spies, he could not enter the precincts of the Pale, and accordingly, in 1561, he delegated his jurisdiction to Father Newman, of the archdiocese of Dublin.

In that very year, Elizabeth mentioned to the Pope's Ambassador Father Woulfe's mission as one of her reasons for not sending representatives to the Council of Trent. Though the English priest-hunters were on his track, he managed to visit the great Irish lords, to ascertain whether the bishops resided in their dioceses and instructed their flocks, to see how the clergy administered the sacraments, to guard the faithful against the contagion of heresy, and to bring heretical ministers back to the fold. He had been charged by the Pope to establish grammar schools, provide Catholic masters for them, and urge parents to send their children to be instructed in literature, and in the knowledge of the saving truths of faith; he was also, if possible, to establish monasteries, hospitals, and places of refuge for the poor, and he was ordered to acquaint the Holy See with the real state of the Irish Church. As Cardinal Moran writes, "the course traced out in these instructions was exactly pursued by Father Woulfe, and his letters clearly demonstrate how indefatigable he was in his labours, and how unceasingly he struggled to restore the Irish Church to its primitive comeliness and fervour."

The monastic schools had been swept away, and no mere Irishman or Catholic could, without risking liberty or life, teach the rudiments of literature or religion. To meet this want of intellectual culture, the Holy Father, in 1564, empowered Primate Creagh and David Woulfe to erect colleges throughout the kingdom, and to found a University like those of Paris and Louvain. For this purpose Dr. Creagh had petitioned the Holy See to send Jesuit Fathers into Ireland.¹ However, the Primate and Nuncio were not able to carry out the commands of the Pope, as the agents of England were in sharp pursuit of them. A priest-hunter, named Bird, wrote to Lord Burghley: "If the surprising of Creagh and some other Romish Legates of the

¹ Primate Creagh's letter from the Tower, quoted in Father FitzSimon's Preface to his work, *On the Masse*.

Irishry, with some English Jesuits¹ lately arrived, may be an inducement to Her Majesty's gracious favours, I shall shorten the number of these importunate members, by whom others of their sort may be disordered in England passing and repassing to and fro." The Primate and Father Woulfe were captured and imprisoned in Dublin Castle in the year 1567. On the 13th of March of the following year, St. Pius the Fifth wrote to his Nuncio at Madrid: "We have been informed that Our venerable brother, the Archbishop of Armagh, who, as you are aware, is Primate of Ireland, has been cast into prison in the Tower of London, and that Our beloved son David, of the Society of Jesus, is also closely confined in the City of Dublin, and that both of them are treated with the utmost severity. Their sufferings overwhelm Us with affliction, on account of their singular merit and their zeal for the Catholic faith. . . . You will therefore use every endeavour with His Catholic Majesty, and urge and request and solicit in Our name letters from him to his Ambassador and to the Queen, to obtain the liberation of these prisoners."

The mediation of the King of Spain was without effect, as Dr. Creagh remained a prisoner for life, and Father Woulfe was confined in Dublin Castle for five years. A good deal has been said of the horrors of prison life in modern times; but what are they to life in the cells in which Dr. Creagh and Father Woulfe were buried? Father Houling, S.J., in his history of the Irish martyrs of his own time, says that Dr. Creagh was kept in a very dark underground cell of Dublin Castle, into which the light of the sun never penetrated, and in which he was not allowed the light of a candle. In a letter written by Dr. Creagh from the Tower "to the Right Honourable the Lords and others of the Queen's Majesty's Privy Council," he thus explains why he made his escape from the Dublin prison: "Which my going away I think no man would wonder that should know well how I was dealt therein withal; first in a *hole*, where without candle *there was no light in the world*, and with candle (when I had it) it was so filled with the smoke thereof (chiefly in summer), that, had there not been a little hole in ye next door to draw in breath with my mouth set upon it, I had been soon undone. My dwelling in this Tower the first time for more than a month's space might may-chance make a strong man to wish

¹ William Good, an English Jesuit, and Edmund O'Donnell, came to Ireland in 1564.

liberty, if for his life he could . . . but foregoing further rehearsal of *bearing almost these eight years irons*, with one of my legs (as the beholders can judge) lost by the same, of my manifold sickness, colics, . . . loss of all my big teeth, save two, and daily sore rheumes and many other like miseries." . . .

We are not aware that Father Woulfe suffered so much in health as his friend the Primate; but that his cell was not very comfortable we may gather from the fact, that when Bishop Thomas (Leverous of Kildare) had gained access to him, he could not stand the horrible stench of the place, and went away without being able to transact any business. We learn this from a letter written from prison by David Woulfe, a copy of which was discovered by the learned Brother Foley, S.J., among the Roman transcripts of the Public Record Office.¹ Here are a few extracts from this interesting document: "James Fitzmaurice, of the House of Desmond, remains in this country and governs Munster in the fear of God. He is young, a good Catholic, and a valiant captain. He was desirous to enter a religious order, but was prevailed on to remain at home for the good of his native land. Donall Aenoc Senez (O'Connor Sligo?), a great friend of Father Woulfe, was received with much honour by the English Queen, and has returned to Dublin with great power, and has promised to use his influence with the Viceroy to procure Father Woulfe's liberation from prison. This Father has been visited in his cell by Bishop Thomas (Leverous of Kildare); but his lordship, not being able to bear the horrid stench of the place, was obliged to go away without transacting any business. The Primate is kept in irons in an underground, dark, and horrible prison, where no one is allowed to speak to him or to see him except his keeper. He has many sores on his body, and, although not over forty-four years of age, has lost all his teeth. He has been many times brought before the magistrates, but in spite of threats, torments, and promises of great honours and dignities, he 'looks on all things as filth, that he may gain Jesus Christ.' All men, and, most of all, his enemies, are much amazed at his extraordinary fortitude and constancy in the Catholic faith. From his boyhood he has despised the pleasures of this world, and has treated his body with great penitential severity. Many things could be said of the integrity and holy life of this great man, but it is not convenient to write them at present: they will be told in their own

¹ I have published the Italian text in *Hibernia Ignatiana*, pp. 18, 19.

place and time, as they cannot be concealed, since the Lord has manifested to the world a servant of His who possesses such eminent qualities. This holy prelate, in the presence of Father Woulfe and other persons, foretold to Shân O'Neill the circumstances of his death, specifying the year, month, place, and persons. O'Neill turned the nobles of Tirone against himself by his tyrannous conduct ; he was defeated at Cumloch, where he lost six hundred men ; on May 9, 1561, he was again vanquished by Hugh O'Donnell, while passing a river near Fearsidmor, where he lost eight thousand men and seventy-four of the noblest and bravest men of Tirone. He then took refuge among the heretics of Scotland, and was barbarously murdered by them. O'Donnell has ravaged the country of O'Connor, Sligo, to punish him, whom he claims to be his vassal, for having gone over to the Court of the English Queen."

Father Woulfe escaped from his loathsome prison in the month of October, 1572, and, accompanied by Sir Rice Corbally and the son of James Fitzmaurice, took refuge in Spain ; but before his departure he received the Protestant Bishop of Limerick into the true Church, as appears from a State Paper published some years ago by Lord Emly, which was discovered by Mr. Froude, and transcribed by Dr. Maziere Brady. It runs thus : "I, William Cahessy, priest, some time named Bishop of the diocese of Limerick, yet nothing canonically consecrated, but by the schismatical authority of Edward, King of England, schismatically preferred to the bishopric of Limerick aforesaid, wherein I confess to have offended my Creator. I renounce also, if I might have the same, the bishopric of Limerick, and the charge and administration of the said cure ; also other benefits and privileges received from the said Edward, or other heretics and schismatics. And I draw unto the said Holy and Universal Church, and do bow myself unto her laws, and I embrace the Reverend Lord David Woulfe, appointed the Apostolic Messenger for all Ireland from the Most Holy Lord the Pope. And I pray and beseech that, as a lost child, he receive me again into the bosom of the holy mother the Church, and that he will absolve me from all ecclesiastical sentences, censures, punishments, heresies, rules, and every blot, dispense with me and reconcile me again to the unity of the same Church."

According to a letter of the filibuster, Sir Peter Carew, to the Privy Council, and another letter in the State Paper Office, "Sir

Davy Wolf, an arrant traitor, fled from Dublin, is gone to Spain, and carried with him the son of James Fitzmaurice, accompanied by Sir Rice Corbally." However, he soon returned to the former field of his labours, landed at Tarbert, and in 1575 was once more engaged in visiting and consoling the Catholics of Ireland. In that year his fellow-citizen and brother Jesuit, Edmund O'Donnell, was hanged, drawn, and quartered for the Faith. Father Wolf was denied that great happiness, and from that year he begins to fade away from our view. He was in Ireland in 1575, 1576, 1577, and 1578, in which year also he was in Lisbon and Paris, and seems to have returned to his native land again, as Dr. Lynch, author of *Cambrensis Eversus*,¹ says, "I have heard that Father Woulfe was a man of extraordinary piety, who fearlessly denounced crime whenever and wherever committed. When the whole country was embroiled in war, he took refuge in the Castle of Clonoan, on the borders of Clare and Galway; but when he heard that its occupants lived by plunder, he scrupled to take any nourishment from them, and soon after grew sick and died." He died, probably, at the end of 1578 or the beginning of 1579, as he is not mentioned in the detailed correspondence of 1579 or afterwards, during the eventful period of the second Desmond war. The last years of the life of this extraordinary man are involved in an obscurity which I tried to penetrate a quarter of a century ago, by consulting the original documents in Rome. I failed to get at them, on account of circumstances over which neither I nor any one else had control. What a chequered life was that of this most distinguished, perhaps, of all the citizens of Limerick! He first comes into view as Rector of the Jesuit College of Modena, he establishes a College in the Valtelline, declines the dignity of Bishop, and the pomp and circumstance of a *nunziatura*;² and through perils on sea and land, journeying through woods and bogs, in a loathsome prison, "through good and ill, he was Ireland's still," and amidst the distracting political issues that tore Ireland piecemeal, he sought nothing but the good of his country, provided her with prelates of the most distinguished merit, and instructed and comforted her faithful people. His is a name of which the citizens of Limerick should be proud, and which the sea-divided Gael would not

¹ *Cambr. Evers*, ii. 735.

² "Deprecatus utramque dignitatem." (*Hist. Societatis Jesu*, quoted at p. 11 of *Hibernia Ignatiana*.)

willingly let die. By Stanihurst, his contemporary, he is called a distinguished divine, and is by him classed among "the learned men and authors of Ireland." Of the Limerick Woulfes, who now "all, all are gone," one was bailiff of that city the year Father David went to reside there as Nuncio (as he is always styled by his friend, Primate Creagh), another was mayor in the year of Father David's death, a third, "David Wolfe, gentleman, black hair, middle stature," was transplanted by the Cromwellians in 1563, and a fourth member of that stock, General Wolfe, died in the arms of victory at Quebec.

Of the partners of Father Woulfe's toil and sufferings in Ireland, it were ungrateful not to say a few words. His companion, Father Edmund O'Donnell, was born in Limerick, entered the Society of Jesus, and in 1575 was captured and imprisoned in his native city, and dragged in handcuffs to Cork, where, because (1) he persevered in the profession of Popery, and (2) had come to Ireland to preach and propagate Popish doctrines, and (3) obstinately refused to acknowledge the Queen of England as the head of the Anglican Church, he was hanged, disembowelled while still alive, and his body cut into quarters. On the vigil of the feast of St. Patrick, he met his death with joy, and by word and example exhorted the citizens to persevere in the profession of the true Faith. Another fellow-labourer of Father David's was Father Robert Rochfort, a native of the county of Wexford, who entered the Society in Rome, in the year 1564, and in 1567 went to Dillingen to study under the care of the Blessed Peter Canisius; he was teaching school in Youghal in 1575, was a professed of four vows, a gifted linguist, and according to his contemporary, Stanihurst, "a proper divine, an exact philosopher, and very good antiquary." Dr. Tanner, the Bishop of Cork, reports to the General of the Jesuits, that in 1577 "Father Charles Leae and Robert Rochfort are spreading the best odour of their institute in Youghal, where they teach school, and with great industry train their scholars and the townspeople in the knowledge of the Christian doctrine, in the frequentation of the sacraments, and in the practice of solid virtue." Rochfort's zeal in instructing and comforting his countrymen is evidenced by the frequent mention of his name in the State Papers, and by the following significant facts. Matthew Lamport, a Waterford miller or baker, was tied to a horse's tail, and hanged, drawn, and quartered in 1581, because he had harboured the Baron of Baltinglass and Father Rochfort;

Matthias Lamport, a parish priest of some place near Dublin, was hanged on July 1, 1581, for having often given shelter to Father Rochfort. On July 25, 1581, Robert Meiler, Edward Cheevers, Patrick Canavan, John O'Leary, and a sailor, whose name is not mentioned, all of the town of Wexford, were there hanged, drawn, and quartered, for having brought Father Rochfort from Belgium into Ireland. In the same year, Richard French, a Wexford priest, was taken prisoner, dragged handcuffed to Dublin, then was brought back to his native place, and died from the hardships of his journeys and the miseries of his prison cell. Regarding this memorable year also, we read in the State Papers: "Thirteen interrogatories to be administered to the Earl of Kildare; among other things, about a book from the Viscount Baltinglass, sent to him by Rochfort the priest." "The Countess of Kildare is to hear that Her Majesty is not ignorant of her harbouring Papists, and the open passage Rochfort had to Rathangan, where his books were left." On the 12th of November, Sir Geoffrey Fenton writes to Walsingham, "The Viscount Baltinglass and Rochfort have escaped." In July, 1582, the Government is informed that "Rochfort hath entered a house of Jesuits at Lisbon." In 1583, Walter Eustace is examined and says "he hath learned the doctrines he held from Dr. Tanner and Father Rochfort."

These details show how anxious English agents and spies were to lay hands on the zealous, indefatigable, and ubiquitous missionary. Had they succeeded in hunting him down, they would not have kept him long in an underground, loathsome prison to die a lingering death; most probably they would have half-roasted, and then hanged, drawn, and quartered him, as they did to the martyr, Dermot O'Hurley. Father Rochfort had been imprisoned some years previously; and as his presence was compromising the Catholics, and as a reward was offered to any one who should bring in his head, he deemed it prudent to go to the Continent, where he continued to work for the good of his country. On March 20, 1586, he wrote a long letter from the College of St. Anthony at Lisbon, to his *confrères* and colleagues, giving an account of the martyrdom of his intimate friend, Father Maurice Kinrechtin, a most pious priest, and chaplain of the Earl of Desmond, and ending with these words, "Farewell, and be ye, if it should be necessary, courageous imitators of Father Maurice Kinrechtin."

Father Rochfort laboured seven years in Lisbon to

the great spiritual advantage of the Catholics of Ireland, England, and other nations, who came thither, and whom his skill in many languages enabled him to instruct and otherwise assist. After a life spent in many toils, dangers, and sufferings, he died at Lisbon on June 19, 1588. He is mentioned by Father Henry FitzSimon in a work published in 1611, as one of those Irishmen who "by their pains advanced the public good of their country, leaving their glorious memory in benediction, by whom our said country hath received many rare helps and supplies, especially in these latter days, to the great advancement of God's glory and the discomfiture of heretics."

Ten days after Father Rochfort's death, was hanged, drawn, and quartered his intimate friend, Maurice Eustace, Esq., of Castle Martin, co. of Kildare, of whom Father John Copinger, S.J., writes in his *Theatre of the Protestant and Catholic Religions*,¹ printed in 1620: "He was a Master of Arts, and Novice of the Society of Jesus. Being sent for by his father into Bruges in Flanders, he came into Ireland (not without his Superiors' direction) to satisfy his father's will. Being so well descended, withal, it was apprehended that he would work much among the people. In the meantime (the Eustaces) Viscount Baltinglass and the Baron of Kilcullen were in open hostility, which aggravated the suspicion that he was accessory to them." Father Houling, S.J., in his history of the Irish Martyrs, tells that the judge, when sentencing him, said: "Out of your own mouth I judge you; for as you affirm you are a Jesuit, every prudent man will say you are guilty of the crime of which you are charged."²

Father Rochfort's fellow-labourer in Youghal was Father Charles Leae; he was born in the town of Cloyne, co. of Cork, in the year 1545; his father was Morris Leae, a doctor of medicine, and probably the same whom Stanihurst called "Leie a learned and expert physician." His mother's maiden name was Mary Sheehy or Hickey; he had studied literature from his early years, and was educated at Paris, Oxford, and Cologne. He became a Jesuit in Rome on June 24, 1570; in 1575 he came to Ireland with Bishop Tanner and Father Rochfort, and taught school, and preached at Youghal and in the surrounding districts up to the year 1579, when Dr. Tanner died, after having

¹ A copy of this work is in Trinity College, Dublin.

² The story of his life and death is given by Houling, Rothe, Copinger, Bruodin, and in *Hib. Ignatiana*, pp. 30, 31.

endured great sufferings in prison for eighteen months. Father Leae remained in Ireland, and was captured and imprisoned, as we may gather from the following narrative, if we remember that an Irishman was very often called after his father's Christian name, and that Charles the son of Morris Leae would be named Charles McMorris. On June 4, 1584, Diarmait O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, was hanged in Dublin for the profession of the Faith. Some days before his execution, his feet and legs were forced into boots filled with oil and salt, and a fire was put under them. The oil heated by the flames, penetrating the soles and other parts, tortured him in an intolerable manner, and "his skin fell from the flesh and portions of the flesh from the bare bones." There happened to be then at Dublin a priest of the Society of Jesus, named Charles MacMorris, who had much experience in medicine and surgery, and who had been himself confined in prison by the English, but was released on account of the skill with which he had treated some noblemen who were dangerously ill. This Father visited the Archbishop and applied some remedies which gave him great relief. The hideous details of the roasting are confirmed by the State Papers, and must for ever brand with infamy the names of Loftus and Wallop. I lose sight of Father Leae after this; I know not whether he was able to remain in Ireland for some time going about under various disguises, and instructing and consoling the Catholics of that country, or whether he was driven away by the fury of persecution, and was sent by his Superiors to teach in the Continental Colleges—a task for which he was well fitted by his University training. He was certainly dead before the year 1609. I was fortunate enough to find the following entry, written by him in the Roman Novice Book on June 24, 1570: "I was born in the town of Cloyne, diocese of Cork; my father and mother are dead; my father was Maurice Leae, a Doctor of Medicine, my mother's maiden name was Mary Chihi. From my earliest years I have devoted myself to learning; I have studied one year at Paris, then I went to the University of Oxford, and lastly I have read Logic and Philosophy during three years at Cologne, when I took the degree of Master of Logic and Philosophy. I promise to observe all the rules, constitutions, and mode of life of the Society, and to do whatever the Society shall order. In witness of which I subscribe this with my hand, CHARLES LEAE." In the same book I found these items: Charles Leae, an Irishman,

made his first vows in the Professed House on January 17, 1571, on the 24th of June he went to the Roman College.

Of Father Leae's Bishop and Superior, Dr. Tanner, we learn that at the age of thirty-nine he entered the Society in Rome in 1565, studied in the Roman College in 1566, and with Father Rochfort was sent to the University of Dillingen in 1567, and became a Doctor of Divinity. As Father Copinger writes: "Through great sickness, not without the licence of his Superiors and the advice of physicians, he was enforced to come forth out of the Society." He was elected Bishop of Cork and Commissary Apostolic in 1574; was captured and imprisoned, and treated with great cruelty. "He suffered great penury and want as well in prison as out of it," and died on June 4, 1579.

It is painful and sickening to read the account of these twenty years of coercion, the foul and abominable, underground, black holes, the roasting, hanging, disembowelling and quartering, and the gentle means by which the maternal ruler of that day tried "to dissolve the spell of Rome,"¹ and to woo and win the Irish to the doctrines of the Reformation. Let us turn away from the theatre of these horrid scenes to the calm retreat of Continental Colleges and Universities, and contemplate for awhile what Irishmen are doing there.

In the very year, 1584, when Fleming, Baron of Slane, first sheltered Dr. O'Hurley, and then, to save himself and his property, sought him out, captured and handed him over to the English, a namesake, and no doubt a near kinsman of his, Father Richard Fleming, S.J., became the first Chancellor of the University of Pont-à-Mousson in Lorraine. In the history of that University² we read: "Father Fleming was of a noble family in Ireland. The distinguished character of his countenance, of his whole person and of his manners, as well as the religious modesty of his bearing, made of him a remarkable man."³ In addition to those exterior qualities, he had such a reputation for learning that his Superiors considered him worthy to succeed the celebrated Maldonatus, and to uphold, together

¹ Elizabeth's words in 1580 to Lord Arthur Grey de Wilton, in whose suite came Spencer the poet and Raleigh the soldier and philosopher.

² *Histoire de l'Université de Pont-à-Mousson*, p. 383. It was written by Father Abram, a celebrated Doctor of Divinity of that University, and published by Father Carayon, S.J.

³ "La distinction de ses traits, celle de toute sa personne et de ses manières . . . en faisait un homme remarquable."

with Father Tyrie, the heritage of glory which that illustrious professor had bequeathed to the Society."

"During ten years he taught theology at the College of Clermont, Paris, with a success which always grew greater and greater. In 1584 he came to Pont-à-Mousson, where he was the first Jesuit that received the dignity and performed the functions of Chancellor of the University. He was also employed there for some time in teaching dogmatic theology and in solving cases of conscience. Some months before his death in 1590 certain propositions, published against the theologians of our Society by the Doctors of the University of Louvain, were sent to Pont-à-Mousson. These propositions, which had long ago been rejected by the Church, had just reappeared under a new form, and under a great heap of words, in the writings of Cornelius Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres. Our Faculty of Theology, being consulted on these propositions, gave its opinion through Father Fleming. I do not believe I have ever seen anything more complete in this kind of composition—the penetration of the professor and the solidity of his doctrine reveal themselves there in all their *éclat*. This great theologian passed from this world on August 25, 1590, to enter, as we hope, the sojourn of the Saints. Some time after his death, Father Thomas Darbyshire, an English Jesuit commendable for his prudence, holiness, and spiritual insight, declared in presence of four of our Fathers, two of whom are still living, that Father Fleming had appeared to him, and by his words had left in him a feeling of inexpressible joy." This fact shows at least that Father Fleming was held in high esteem by Father Darbyshire, to whom Ireland and the Society are indebted for the conversion of the celebrated "Harry FitzSimon," whose acquaintance we shall make further on. This Father Darbyshire was nephew of Dr. Bonner, the Bishop of London, was a D.C.L. and LL.D. of Oxford, Archdeacon of Essex, Canon of St. Paul's, Chancellor of the diocese of London, and Dean of St. Paul's. He was deprived of all at the accession of Elizabeth; was deputed to the Council of Trent by the English Catholics to procure a decision on the point then in controversy regarding attendance at Protestant churches, and he brought back the reply that to do so was a grievous sin. After having been imprisoned in London he entered the Society in Rome, and devoted himself to teaching the Catechism and delivering lectures on faith and morals, chiefly in Paris and at Pont-à-Mousson, where he died at

the age of eighty-six. Another very remarkable man, a Scotch Jesuit, named James Tyrie, Professor of Philosophy and Theology at Paris, and afterwards "Assistant of France," tells the following extraordinary story about his Irish *confrère*, Father Fleming, which is thus recorded in the *General History of the Society of Jesus*, year 1581: "Richard Fleming, an Irishman of our Society, and a priest of very remarkable virtue, was living in Paris in the year 1581. The day before the General was elected in Rome, Father Fleming said to Father Tyrie in private, 'Father, do you know Claudio Aquaviva?' (Be it remarked that Richard had never seen him or even heard of his name.) 'I know him well,' said Father Tyrie; 'but why do you ask me that question?' 'I will tell you,' said he, 'for the glory of God. Last night I got out of bed to pray, and was recommending to God the success of the Congregation in Rome, when the Blessed Virgin (as I thought) brought me into the hall in which the Fathers were assembled for the election of our General. While standing there I saw the most Holy Mother of God take a certain young Father into the middle of the Assembly, and I heard her say to the Electors, *Choose Claudio Aquaviva as General*. The Fathers assented, and then the vision vanished.'"

After this brief allusion to Father Fleming, he, strange to say, vanishes from the General History of the Society, in which the course of many other lesser Irish lights has been carefully and minutely traced. If we look among Irish writers for any mention of his name and fame, we find only the two following references to him. Stanihurst, in his *Description of Ireland*, published in 1586, gives in the seventh chapter, "Ye names of ye Learned Men and Authors of Ireland," and he says: "There is a Fleming now living, of whom I hear great report to be an absolute divine and a professor thereof." Dr. Rothe, Bishop of Ossory, and one of the most learned sons of Ireland, who by their genius and virtue have shed lustre on the land of their birth, published *Hibernia Resurgens* in the year 1621. In it he writes: "Nine or ten years ago, Father Henry Fitz-Simon, S.J., published an Alphabetical Catalogue of the Saints of Ireland, in which are given the feast-day of each Saint, a brief eulogium of him, and the sources where further information could be got. Though the edition is recent, the Catalogue is of an old date, and was the work of the Very Reverend Father Richard Fleming, Professor of Divinity in the University of Pont-à-Mousson. From this work was compiled

a Litany of Irish Saints, which I have seen, and which was devoutly recited in Rome by Dr. Peter Lombard, Primate of all Ireland, when he was visiting the Holy Stations, attended by his friends, countrymen, and servants. This Litany he was wont to recite every day at a fixed hour in a private oratory, together with the Most Noble Dynasts, the Earls of Tirone and Tirconnell."

The year 1590, given by the history of Pont-à-Mousson as the date of Fleming's death, is perhaps a misprint for 1596 or 1593, as a manuscript volume marked *Angliæ Historia* in the Jesuit archives in Rome mentions that the following Irish Fathers were living at Pont-à-Mousson in 1593: Richard Fleming, James Archer, Richard de la Field, and Christopher Holywood. From this we gather that "the great report" of Father Fleming's being "an absolute divine and professor thereof," attracted his countrymen to him, and that his influential position was used by him for the furtherance of Irish education and of the religious interests of his persecuted country. It is a pity that his name is not found in the new *National Biography*, though he is far above the level of hundreds whose lives are given in that great work. When the Faculty of Theology and the whole University of Paris were waging war against the Jesuits,¹ and such a man as Maldonatus was about to retire from the storm which raged round his Chair of Divinity, the French Provincial, Claude Mathieu, wrote to his General on December 13, 1575: "Father Maldonatus wishes to go to Rome, if we had another theologian who could teach theology in his place." Father Fleming was selected to take his place, and, as he held it for nine or ten years in most dangerous times, and taught with an ever-increasing success, amidst the full blaze of Parisian party spirit, he must have been a man of great eloquence, courage, tact, and temper, as well as "an absolute divine."

¹ See Bayle's *Historical Dictionary*, article "Maldonatus."

The Recent Apparitions of our Lady at Lyons.

WITHIN recent years the city of Lyons has been the scene of one of those supernatural events which are at first received by many with incredulous scorn and by all prudent men with great caution, until they are established by incontrovertible evidence. We do not vouch for the story we are going to tell, or thrust it upon our readers as if an article of faith. We merely state the facts as they are attested by credible testimony and confirmed by subsequent events.

About seven years ago the Blessed Virgin appeared at Lyons to one of those humble souls whom she delights to honour, and manifested the reality of her presence by working a striking miracle. The person favoured with the vision of the Mother of God was a most sadly afflicted girl named Anna Maria Costa. Up to the time of her heavenly visitation this young woman's life was in truth a most painful one. In addition to the hardships arising from extreme poverty, she had to endure terrible bodily sufferings. For instance, she was subject to continual pains in her head and chest, large tumours were wont to form over her body, and she suffered from an incurable disease of the spine. The doctors of the hospital which she was accustomed to attend, had for years done their utmost for her without being able to afford her more than a partial relief. They had had constructed for her iron stays to enable her to hold her body upright, and in this condition she was able to engage at intervals in manual labour, but with all the aids of medical skill and care, she never experienced more than a partial relief from her sufferings.

But although poor and afflicted, she was in other respects greatly favoured by God. Although her body was enfeebled and disfigured by disease, the soul within was strong and beautiful in its innocence and its detachment from all earthly things. In the completeness of her resignation to God's will she endured her sufferings, not merely with resignation, but with very joyfulness, and under the numerous surgical operations she was

compelled to undergo she was uniformly calm and courageous. One would think that the body which was being cut and burnt did not belong to her, or that its sufferings could not afflict the soul. Such was the young woman whom the Blessed Virgin chose to favour in the wonderful manner we are about to relate.

In consequence of her constant sickness Anna Maria was compelled to spend a considerable portion of her life in the hospital, and whilst there in the year 1881 she made the acquaintance of a pious young woman named Deguerry. The acquaintanceship soon ripened into a warm friendship, and during the twelve months they remained together in the hospital, they were a source of very great consolation to each other. But it was God's will to deprive Anna Maria of this innocent pleasure, for He took Deguerry to Himself. This fresh trial, however, instead of casting her into despondency, or causing her to murmur against God's will, served still further to purify her affections and to fix her mind still more steadfastly on that happy abode where there will be no more suffering. Often would she say to her companions: "I do not care to live longer now. My only desire is to fly speedily to Heaven to be united eternally to my good God." Furthermore the death of her friend inspired her with the resolution to join the Confraternity of the Children of Mary of which she had been a member; for Anna Maria could not fail to notice how zealous they were in making supplication for their deceased Associates, and she thought it would be well to secure their prayers for herself when it should please God to call her from this world.

Now it happened that, on the night of November 6, 1882, shortly after the death of her friend, Anna Maria lay asleep in her bed in the hospital when she was awakened by a voice calling "Anna Maria." She heard the name pronounced in a wonderfully sweet voice, but strange to say she did not know it was her own name, for she had always been called "Annetta." She said to herself, "It cannot be meant for me," but at that instant the words were repeated in a tone so sweet and melodious that Anna Maria started up in bed under the influence of its powerful attraction. She then became aware that the room was illuminated by a most brilliant light, which although very vivid seemed to delight rather than pain her eyes; and in the centre of the light appeared a form which she could not at first clearly distinguish. She seemed, as she afterwards declared, to see at first only a *shadow*. She tried to cry out but could

not. Then she began to feel for her scapular and medals, as though she would shield herself from danger with them. Her fear, however, was but momentary, and was succeeded by a feeling which filled her with complete happiness, and attracted her with the utmost longing to the vision, which now appeared with more clearness.

"I appear to you," said the sweet voice, which Anna Maria had just heard address her by her name, "under that form in which you have been accustomed to invoke me."

"Our Lady of Fourvières!" exclaimed Anna Maria, feeling her heart leap in presence of her beloved Mother.

"Yes, it is I," replied the Blessed Virgin. "You suffer much, and I am come to console you."

Now fully reassured, Anna Maria raised her eyes and fixed them on the apparition, which disclosed itself distinctly with a beauty and grace and sweetness most entrancing. She could not find words to express the joy that filled her as she gazed upon the vision. Indeed, it is of such joys as hers that St. Paul declares it is not given to man to speak, for they are too great for expression.

The Blessed Virgin appeared to Anna Maria clothed in regal costume. Her robe of a cream-colour sprinkled with stars was long and trailing, but allowed her feet to appear, the immaculate whiteness of which rivalled the chaste colour of the lily. Round her waist she wore a blue cincture knotted in front and allowing the ends to hang down a considerable distance. She wore also a long flowing mantle of the same colour as her robe, and her head was crowned with a high crown adorned with most luminous brilliants beneath which her hair hung loose, rivalling in its glossy splendour the rich diadem with which it was encircled. On her left arm she carried her Divine Son, who held His Mother clasped round the neck with one hand, while in the other He carried a globe surmounted by a cross broken in three places as if from the effect of blows.

In her right hand the Blessed Virgin held a crown adorned with wild flowers, like those of the privet. It was only half covered with these, the other half being quite bare, and Anna Maria further noticed that of the flowers four were larger, and much more beautiful than the rest. She gazed at the crown with great interest, and as she did so the Blessed Virgin exclaimed: "This crown is yours, and the four most beautiful flowers represent the four virtues which most please me in you."

They are: 'Your great devotion to me;' 'Your great love for poverty and the poor;' 'Your devotion to the souls in Purgatory;' 'And your entire abandonment to the will of God.' The flowers that are yet required to complete your crown you must gain by patient endurance of the trials which still await you in life."

These words of the Blessed Virgin did not excite any feelings of vanity in Anna Maria's breast. On the contrary, as she afterwards declared, she seemed to experience the greatest contempt of herself. She seemed, as she herself expressed it, more vile and contemptible than a foul rag which one would not care to touch with the tip of one's finger.

The Blessed Virgin next addressed to her certain private admonitions and reproved her in particular for her want of confidence in her confessor, a very nervous man. She likewise made three revelations to Anna Maria, two of them under a pledge of secrecy, and the third as follows:

"I have several times saved Lyons, my privileged city, from incurring the wrath of my Divine Son. Yet once again will I save it from an approaching inundation, but it will be the last time unless they do penance. If they fail to do so, I must abandon them to the punishment they deserve, for I can with difficulty withhold the avenging hand of Almighty God."¹

In conclusion the Blessed Virgin promised Anna Maria that she would again visit her, and be with her moreover in the hour of her death, if she continued faithful. After making this promise she disappeared.

These events happened when Anna Maria was in her twenty-first year. About a month later, in the beginning of December, 1882, Anna Maria asked permission to leave the hospital in order to join the Confraternity of the Children of Mary before the feast of the Immaculate Conception. She obtained the required permission after promising that she would return to undergo an operation which the doctor thought was necessary. On leaving the hospital she went to stay with the Deguerrys, relatives of her deceased friend, and with them she remained until January 2, 1883. This day was to be for ever memorable for her. During the whole of it she was possessed by an inexplicable presentment that the Blessed

¹ As Count de Cissey proves, in his narrative of these events, it was certainly regarded as miraculous that Lyons escaped being destroyed by a great inundation which occurred shortly afterwards.

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Virgin was again about to visit her, and this presentment strange to say filled her with uneasiness. While engaged in some light work at a neighbouring shop she experienced a desire to return to the house, but fear withheld her from obeying the impulse. When she did return in the evening, the same opposing feelings still had possession of her, and they grew more intense as the hour for retiring to rest drew nigh. Thrice did she leave the room to retire to her little bed-chamber at the top of the house, and so often did she return in fear. At last, when it grew too late to remain up any longer, she summoned up more courage, ascended to her room, and at once prostrated herself in prayer beside the bed. Hardly had she done so when she became conscious that the pictures of the saints hanging on the walls were moving, as if shaken by the wind. Then she perceived that the room was filling with light, and raising her head she saw beside her the Blessed Mother of God. She was clothed in the same regal costume as before, and her Divine Son wore a robe of white, and a crown upon His head. In His hand he held the globe surmounted by a broken cross, and as Anna Maria timidly gazed at Him, she perceived that His eyes were filled with tears. Absorbed by the entrancing beauty of the vision Anna Maria had left off praying, but the Blessed Virgin said to her: "Continue your prayers, my child, I will accompany you." She did so with increased fervour, and as she prayed she observed the lips of the Blessed Virgin moving as if joining in the prayers; and when reciting the Litany of Loreto, she noticed, that at the invocations, "Refuge of Sinners, pray for us! Comforter of the Afflicted, pray for us!" the Blessed Virgin raised her eyes to Heaven as if invoking the Divine clemency.

As soon as the prayers were ended, the Blessed Virgin turned to Anna Maria and exclaimed: "I am deeply distressed."

"Is it through me?" asked Anna in alarm. "Have I done anything to displease thee?"

"Oh, no, child! You are not the cause of my sorrow. It is due to the ingratitude of my people, and I can with difficulty avert from them the anger of God. They must be converted and do penance and pray with greater fervour. I would have them make novenas in all the parishes and communities, reciting nine times the 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary,' and nine times the invocations: 'Mother abandoned, pray for us!'

Mother afflicted by ungrateful hearts, pray for us!' These are the last prayers I will ask to avert from them the wrath of God."

She then spoke of the punishments that should be inflicted upon the people if they failed to amend their lives, and also of the great graces they might gain by a sincere conversion.

While our Blessed Lady was thus addressing her, Anna Maria's attention was attracted by a beautiful medal which she wore on her breast, supported round her neck by a blue ribbon. This medal the Blessed Virgin now took in her hand, and holding it out to Anna Maria, exclaimed: "Observe it well." She did so, and saw that on one side was engraved the image of the Divine Mother as she appeared in vision; and on the other, the reverse side, the inscriptions: "Mother abandoned and Mother afflicted by ungrateful hearts, pray for us;" and in the centre: "Last prayers to appease the anger of God."

The Blessed Virgin then gave it to her to kiss, saying at the same time: "I wish medals like this to be made, and worn by my children. They will find in them a sure protection, provided they wear them on their breasts and outside their clothes."

Anna Maria felt a great desire to possess the medal, but not daring to ask for it directly she said: "But will they believe me when I tell them all you have said? What proof can I give them?"—meaning the Blessed Virgin to understand that she would like to have the medal to show in proof of the reality of the vision. But the Blessed Virgin did not satisfy her desire, knowing doubtless that such a proof would be altogether inadequate to satisfy the incredulous. They would probably say either that she herself had had the medal coined, or that she was merely a tool in the hands of some designing persons. A more evident and incontrovertible proof was needed; a proof which could not be called in question without calling in question the reality of miracles, and which the scientific unbeliever could not ignore without ignoring the principles of his own idolized science. Such a proof as this the Blessed Virgin was pleased to give, and accordingly in answer to the question put to her she replied: "*Suppose I cure you? Will not that be proof sufficient? Would you not like to be cured?*"

We know what naturally would be the reply to such a question. We can imagine the earnestness of the rejoinder,

"Oh, yes! most compassionate Mother! I have suffered enough—heal me, and I will be eternally grateful. Oh, heal me! or take me with thee to Paradise." But Anna Maria's virtue was of too exalted a character for such a reply, her resignation to God's will too complete. To the gladsome proposal of the Blessed Virgin she uttered not a word. The Blessed Virgin smiled sweetly, as if well pleased with the maiden's virtue, and placing her hand on her head, exclaimed: "*Your cure is the proof I will give.*"

At the touch of that sacred hand, Anna Maria felt a sudden commotion within her like the effect of an electric shock. A vibration seemed to pass through her whole body from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, and through all her members, while she seemed to experience in the diseased portions of her body a tearing away sort of sensation, as though her various infirmities were being rooted out. In an instant she felt completely cured. "A new year, and a new life," exclaimed the Blessed Virgin, and saying this she disappeared.

For several hours Anna Maria remained on her knees, quite overcome with feelings of gratitude for the favours vouchsafed her, and offering up her heartfelt thanks to God and His Blessed Mother for all their goodness to her. When the day dawned she hastened to acquaint the mistress of the house with the good tidings of her cure, begging her, however, not to tell the others, for she wished to give them a surprise. She then proceeded to the church to renew her thanksgiving before the Blessed Sacrament, and afterwards returned to the house. Making her way to the kitchen unobserved, she took from thence two large water-buckets, and filling them with water at the fountain she carried them back to the house; to the indescribable amazement of the inmates who had not heard of her miraculous cure.

We need not dwell on the astonishment of the neighbours, nor the joy of her parents when they saw their daughter return to them completely restored to health. Guided by the Holy Spirit, Anna Maria next proceeded to the hospital, carrying with her her iron apparatus in token of her miraculous cure. A rumour of the event had already reached the incredulous doctor, and when he saw her coming he cried out: "Well, they say you are cured! what do you want now?"

"I want you, sir," said Anna Maria, "to certify that I *am* really cured."

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"But do you really mean to say you are cured? It is impossible."

"It is a fact, sir," she replied.

Then the doctor began to examine her, his perplexity and amazement visibly increasing as the examination proceeded. The change in her was manifest, but he could not account for it and he was unwilling to admit its reality. At last as a final test of the condition of her spine, he said: "Let me see if you can stoop down and pick up these scraps of paper from off the floor?"

"Nothing easier," she replied; and bending her back with the utmost ease she quietly proceeded to collect the scraps. Seeing her in this position, the doctor could no longer refrain from giving expression to his amazement, and seating himself at his desk, he wrote out a certificate of her complete cure.

We may add that since the date of her miraculous cure, Anna Maria has never experienced a recurrence of any of her former maladies, but has enjoyed perfect health. She has testified to the sincerity of her gratitude by consecrating her life to God in the religious state.

As may be imagined, the news of the wonderful events we have related soon spread throughout the province, and people began to throng to the scene of the apparition. On the spot where the Blessed Virgin appeared, they have placed her statue, and before it a lamp is kept burning day and night. The walls of the room have been decorated with blue silk hangings sprinkled with silver stars, but the bed has been left as it was on the night of the apparition, as a memorial of the wonderful condescension of the Mother of God in appearing in so lowly a place. To this humble shrine, which in God's good time may become a world-famed sanctuary, people gather of an evening to recite the novena prescribed by the Blessed Virgin, and to pray for their particular needs. And many miracles have been worked, and extraordinary favours granted, in answer to their prayers as the very numerous votive tablets that cover the walls of the shrine amply testify.

W. J. K.

*Extracts from the Journal of the Duchess of
Duras during the Reign of Terror.*

II.

WE left the Duchess de Duras about to be removed from Chantilly to Paris by the Revolutionary Commissioners.

"We were (she says) taken in carts from Chantilly to Paris, and the incessant rain, coupled with the slow progress and joltings of the journey, transformed it into a cruel trial. It was fourteen hours before we reached Paris; it was in the middle of the night, and we knew not whither we were going. The convoy went first to the Madelonnettes, then to Sainte Pélagie, where they refused to receive us, saying there was no room, and finally to the Plessis, a former university school, near the Jesuits' College of Louis-le-Grand, and where at last we found the term of our painful wanderings. A man, clad in a sort of dressing-gown, with a bunch of keys hanging from his waist, let us in, and through the light of his lantern I saw the prison doors, enormous iron bars, and in fact all the paraphernalia of a gaol. We first went through several gates, and all of a sudden we were surrounded by armed gaolers, tall and strong, with sleeves turned up, red caps on their heads, using bad language corresponding to their appearance. I was shocked to find that these men affected at once to place themselves on a familiar footing with the young girls in our convoy. I earnestly begged of the ladies who were with me that each of us should take a young girl under her guard, in order to protect them against these ruffians. I took under my care Mdlle. de Pons, and told her to stand behind me, catch hold of my dress, and not to leave me on any account. It was then two in the morning, and we suffered much from hunger and thirst. A gaoler brought us a pail of water, which favour was much appreciated."

For several hours the prisoners had to wait in a room with windows without panes, and nothing but a few wooden forms to sit upon. Madame de Duras, however, does not complain of her painful position.

"I followed the edifying examples of one of my companions," she writes, "and having gone to a corner of the room, I read the Office of the day and the Holy Mass. It was Passion Sunday, and like our Divine Saviour, we were exposed to insults and had to try and imitate His patience."

At last they had rooms given them ; but we will let Madame de Duras describe what accommodation they offered.

"Mdlle. de Pons had not left me since our arrival at the Plessis. We both examined the place we were to live in, and found there was just room for two beds, close to one another ; the poor girl began to cry, when she saw our cell, and exclaimed : 'We are then destined to perish ; it is impossible for us to live in such a narrow place ; O my God ! may my friends never come to such a place !'

"The fact is, our furniture consisted in two chairs, and mattresses on the floor, with no pillows but the wall. Fortunately the place had been washed lately, so it was clean. Our first night was excellent ; I was so tired by the preceding day's hardships that I slept soundly, and so did my young companion, for many hours. When I got up, I saw the beautiful view from our prison windows, all Paris in sight. I reflected sadly on the dreadful state my poor country was in, after having experienced such glory, peace, and security. I pictured to myself all the horrors that were being committed, and tears came to my eyes ; but I would not let them flow, from fear of affecting Mdlle. de Pons when she should get up."

A few weeks afterwards, Madame de Pons herself was brought to Paris with a convoy of prisoners, and Madame de Duras was able to give back to her the precious trust which she had been able to preserve from harm. Madame de Duras was left the sole occupant of her room, and was beginning to congratulate herself on it, when she was transferred to another room on the fifth floor. The new quarters looked better at first, but the poor prisoner soon found out that it was quite the contrary. "We slept in freshly-plastered rooms, which irritated my throat so much that I had to drink milk to cure it. There was on the staircase a very unwholesome smell, and the windows were all barred and boarded up, to prevent us from throwing letters out. Close to me lived fish-women, degraded women of the Rue de Chartres, some other women afflicted with a dreadful disease, the executioner's mistress, and a drunkard who pretended to be a lady of quality, but whose

manners showed her to be anything but what she pretended to be. She was in the habit of making a terrible noise every night, and used to come to our rooms and abuse us. It is true she afterwards begged our pardon for her behaviour. I could not help feeling for her. Another of my neighbours was a lady of the Court, who was crazy, and who had unfortunately taken a liking to me. I was compelled to be on my guard against her, and she proved tiresome, disagreeable, and, in fact, a regular cause of trouble.

"We were divided into parties of twelve, and had all to eat out of the same dish, using a wooden spoon, but no fork, as the gaolers considered the latter a dangerous weapon. I took no notice of this prohibition, however, and had a wooden fork made for my use. We also had each a wooden bowl, and I have kept mine for curiosity's sake, although I never used it. It looked as if they tried their best to disgust us as much as possible. There was no table-cloth, the tables were never swept, and had a very offensive smell on account of the wine continually spilt on them. We found all sorts of dirt in our dishes, and we were waited upon by the dirtiest amongst our fellow-prisoners. Pigs were allowed to run loose in the hall during dinner-time. One day bills were posted up informing us that we were not to have more food than was necessary to prevent us from starving. Supper was almost a non-entity. Amongst the people I knew, Mesdames de Courtilles, de Rochechouart, and de Richelieu used to take their meals with the fish-women, while Madame et Mdlle. de Pons took theirs with Mdlle. Dervieux, of the Opera, a negro-woman, and some female *sans culottes*.

"Meanwhile, although the guillotine was at work every day, the number of prisoners was continually increased, and the victims were usually called to the Tribunal while taking exercise. Carts came to fetch them, and also Fouquier Tinville's carriage, which was crammed with prisoners, and the driver of which was worthy of his cruel master. Dressed in the costume of a rope-dancer, he used to cut capers when the prisoners got into the carriage. It is impossible to describe our terror, whenever we saw the front door open. I fancy I can still hear the banging of the door. The ushers of the Revolutionary Tribunal used to arrive before the carts, with a handful of indictments. There was immediately a death-like silence; every one thought he was going to hear his name called out; on every face was consternation and fright, terror in every heart. The ushers

walked upstairs to call the prisoners, and gave them only a quarter of an hour to get ready. We then bade to those who were going a sad farewell. The only period of the twenty-four hours during which we felt our life secure was from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m., and one may guess how light was our sleep, when taken amidst such anxieties, and often interrupted by the arrival of new convoys.

"Another misfortune soon fell upon us. There was an outbreak of small-pox. Madame de Réaux died of it: she was eighty-four years old. An only son died also under the eyes of his father and mother. To their entreaties to be transferred to another prison, far from the place recalling to their mind their son's death, a refusal was given. They had to drink the bitter cup of their woes to the very dregs. Mesdames de Machault, who were very old, were also struck with the disease, which inspired much horror to those who did not suffer from it; but luckily, it did not spread further; a remarkable occurrence, in a place where so many people were crowded together. It was dreadful to see what little care was taken of the patients. No remedies could be procured for them, even if one offered to pay for them. I saw a very strong woman die, who might have lived if she had been properly looked after. And meanwhile new convoys arrived every moment from all departments. One of them brought to our prison eighty country women from Vivarais, wearing very singular dresses. We asked them the cause of their arrest, and they made us understand in their *patois* that it was for having gone to Mass. This crime was considered such a heinous one that they were sent at once before the Tribunal, which jokers used to call Fouquier Tinville's shop. Then came another convoy with one hundred and fourteen prisoners from Neuilly-sur-Seine. It was mostly composed of gentlemen who had gone to live at Neuilly at the time it was decreed that all of the upper class not yet arrested should go and live several leagues out of Paris. A remarkable instance of vanity, for the times we were living in, was that many people who were not of the upper class had obeyed the order, and now they were arrested as such. The servants, both male and female, were also under arrest, and there were people of every class of society amongst them; six Nuns of the Visitation, one of whom was Madame de Tourzel's sister, Mdlle. de Croy; and also Madame de Choiseul, Madame Hippolyte de Choiseuil, and Madame de Séran.

"The whole party was rigorously searched, and at last, at seven o'clock in the evening, they were given their quarters. The six nuns were sent to the fifth floor, there to be lodged with twenty-five fish-women. They were all dying of hunger, and we gave them what we had. I remember I made some sort of dish for the Choiseul family, and they found it delicious. Bread and a little wine, our usual fare, was all we could offer to the new-comers. One would hardly believe that in the midst of all these miseries, some prisoners used to play music, and sing in a chorus republican songs. Women were not only careful about their dress, but even there did not give up the art of coquetry, although we were not only threatened with death by the guillotine, but also by being shot.

"A new wall had been built up in our courtyard, and we were told that it was meant for us to be placed against it and shot. One of the keepers told me that he thought that I would show a brave face when going to the guillotine; I coolly answered, I thought I would. Another would boast of the speed with which the Revolutionary Tribunal settled its business, and he added, that to put things right it would be necessary to knock off seven hundred thousand heads. In order to bring about the destruction of the various classes of prisoners, a new plan was discovered, viz., that of charging them with conspiracy.

"I sometimes thought that my parents might escape on account of their old age and high character; I alone, thought I, was doomed, for the many refusals I had met with made me understand that I should never see them again in this world. This was a great sacrifice, added to every day's trials, and I could hardly have found courage enough to bear up against all my afflictions, if I had not completely resigned myself to God's will. There were many opportunities of doing charitable work, and this was a relief. One day, for instance, a poor old lady, broken down by the fatigue of her long and painful journey, was illused by the gaolers, who compelled her by cruel words and even kicks, to go up the staircase to where I was lodged, although she nearly fainted from exhaustion. I begged this cruel 'citizen' not to treat her like a beast of burden, but to let me take care of her. I did not obtain this favour without trouble, but at last, with the help of a companion, I managed to get her away from him. I think she was Madame de Richelieu.

"Madame de Rochechouart was one of the persons who

was seriously ill when they entered the prison, but left it completely cured. When she was arrested at Courteilles, she was so ill that most people thought she would not get as far as Paris. However, she reached Paris, and was imprisoned there in a room which had been freshly white-washed, with no fire, and the wind blowing through the paneless windows; she recovered all the same, and I attributed this cure to the hard life to which we were subjected. We were only allowed as much food as was absolutely necessary to keep us alive; but our mental troubles counteracted the effect of hardships on our bodies. I remember one night I was so hungry, that I had to get up and eat a piece of chocolate, and I wondered that I could feel hunger so acutely at a moment when the sad thoughts of my mind prevented me from sleeping. Another day, I was talking with Madame de la Fayette (the celebrated general's wife) on this subject, and I told her that I thought it wonderful that with the threat of death always present to our mind, we could find time to think of what our meal next day was to consist of.

"I used to read the prayers for a holy death for myself and others, and I did so so often that I have still the habit of reciting them even now. I felt much aggrieved at seeing death approach without its being possible to procure religious assistance, and this seemed to me the harder, as there were two hundred priests shut up in our prison. But any communication with them was strictly prohibited. Many of us suffered much from this state of things, but I told them, as it was impossible for them to go to confession, the best thing to do was to accept meekly their doom, to excite themselves to perfect contrition, and so to obtain mercy. Personally, I did not trouble myself much about this, as I was wholly resigned to the will of God.

"I cannot understand now the savage curiosity which induced us to look out of our windows at the carts filled with human beings, which took their victims to the scaffold. I once remarked to my friends that formerly we would have gone far out of our way in order to avoid meeting with a criminal led to the gallows, while now we looked without emotion upon innocent victims led to death. Perhaps we became hardened to these spectacles from having to live in close contact with beings who were harsh and cruel.

"On the 22nd of July, there was a report that some ladies of the Noailles family had been sentenced to death. I did not tell

anything about it to Madame de la Fayette (herself a Noailles), but tried in vain to find out the truth of this rumour. Soon afterwards, I read a paper which mentioned that Madame la Maréchale de Noailles and the Duchesse d'Ayen had been guillotined. It said nothing about my dear little sister-in-law.¹

"It was very difficult to get any news from outside; as the men who carried out this system of terror were beginning to tremble for themselves. When I questioned them, I got nothing but vague answers. I could hardly doubt the truth of this terrible news, but I wanted to make sure of it before informing Madame de la Fayette of the sad death of her mother and sister-in-law, the Duchesse d'Ayen. I tried in vain to break the dreadful news gradually, Madame de la Fayette would not take any hint, and thought her family was not in danger. Meanwhile, I gave some money to one of the gaolers, in order to obtain certainty about the dreaded news. I loved the Vicomtesse de Noailles as a daughter and as a friend, for she was endowed with every virtue and every charm. She was the member of my family for whom I felt the greatest attachment, and in whom I placed most confidence.

"How could I tell Madame de la Fayette that she had lost at one fell blow her mother, grandmother, and sister? At last she began to be struck by our hesitation, when she questioned those around her about her relatives. She inquired from me eagerly whether anything had happened, and the only answer I could make was to burst into tears. She understood at once that she had lost her mother and grandmother, but she would not bring herself to believe at first in the death of her sister, whom she almost worshipped. I heartily sympathized with her pain and sorrow, but she remained for a long time in a dreadful state, and her sufferings aggravated mine. We often talked to each other about the virtues of our departed friends, and nothing but the misfortunes of those around us, whom we were called upon to comfort, was able to rouse us from our despondency."

"Meanwhile, the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy were still imprisoned at the Luxemburg, and their daughter could not get any news of them. Madame Latour has given in her diary an account of their life in prison, but I am compelled to pass it over from lack of space, and to come at once to the moment

¹ The lady alluded to was Madame the Vicomtesse de Noailles, daughter of the Duc d'Ayen, son of Marshal de Noailles, sister of Madame de la Fayette, and Louis de Noailles' wife, and consequently Madame de Duras' cousin and sister-in-law.

when the aged Marshal of France and his wife were summoned to appear before the Revolutionary Tribunal. To friends who were lamenting over his fate, the aged warrior remarked: 'At seventeen, I mounted the breach for my King; at eighty, I am going to mount the scaffold for my God; my dear friends, I am not to be pitied.' His trial was over in a very short time, and he was sent to the guillotine with his wife. His wonderful calmness, the result of a pure conscience and honest heart, did not forsake him at the last. On the way to the guillotine, a wretch shouted to him: 'The *sans culottes* will eat up thy property and drink thy wine.' He calmly answered: 'God grant that you may have some bread left a year hence, and that you be not compelled to eat one another.' The famine in the winter of 1795, and the insurrections of Prairial and Germinal, justified this prophecy.

"The Marshal and the Duchess were both executed at the Barrière du Trône, and buried in a small graveyard at Picpus, outside Paris, where thirteen hundred victims of the Terror await, under the shadow of the Cross, the day of resurrection."

Madame de Duras herself tells us how she was made acquainted with the misfortune which had befallen her. Some of her friends having received letters from the Luxemburg, she eagerly inquired whether these letters mentioned anything about her family.

"Some of my friends answered in the negative, others seemed not to know what to answer, and tried in vain to conceal their compassion. It immediately occurred to my mind that the misfortune, which had so long threatened, had at last befallen us. . . . Next morning, my cousin, Mdlle. de la Fayette, entered my room very early; I immediately read my fate in her looks, which were full of concern and pity; however, she did not let me know at first that both my father and mother had been executed! she announced one death, and then the other. I cannot describe the blow I felt at thinking that such models of virtue, charity, and honour, had been led to the scaffold. The affection so long shown to me by my unfortunate parents, all that I owed them, the precious lessons taught to me by their virtuous example, all these thoughts constantly recurred to my mind, and I could hardly breathe for sobbing."

It was long before Madame de Duras recovered from that blow; but at last her moral strength and her earnest piety enabled her to master her feelings.

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"I perceived, she writes, "that if the Reign of Terror were to continue for some time, it would be impossible for any member of the former nobility to escape; I felt that I should have to suffer the same fate as my father and mother, and I resolved to imitate their resignation, and show my respect for their memory by dying in a way worthy of them. I pictured to myself the scene which would take place at the Revolutionary Tribunal, the arm-chair on which the accused sat, and every evening before retiring to rest I said: 'Into Thy hands, O Lord,' and arranged my few things ready for distribution to my friends in the morning, in case I should be called. I exhorted myself to forgiveness of my enemies, and made myself ready to follow my parents' example."

This resolution was made on the eve of the 9th of Thermidor (July 27, 1794), a day which was to usher in for the prisoners some hope of deliverance.

"Early in the morning, Paris was awakened by the firing of cannons. Every prisoner wondered what was the meaning of this. From the gaolers' excitement, from their haggard looks, and the trouble on their face, we could gather that something was going on prejudicial to their cause. In the evening there was a report about Robespierre's execution. Cries of joy could be heard in the streets, and the word 'Liberty' began to be whispered in the galleries of our prison. Next day the male prisoners were allowed to walk in the court-yards with the female prisoners. One felt that the strain of oppression had diminished. On the third day some of the prisoners were let out. But this was done according to the new rules of precedence: the favour was granted first to people who were not nobles, and six weeks elapsed before they ventured to set free any of the nobility.

"One of the commissaries asked me whether I was of noble birth; I answered that I was; one of my fellow-prisoners blamed me for speaking thus imprudently, but I would not tell an untruth, and besides it would have been useless.

"After a time they began to set free, priests, officers, and landowners. All those who had come from Neuilly were set at liberty, amidst the cheers of the other prisoners. Amongst them were several nobles, and I began to think for the first time that I was not doomed to remain for my lifetime at the Plessis. We had been told that some members of the Convention were going round the prisons in order to set the prisoners at liberty,

and that Bourdon de l'Oise and Legendre were coming to our prison. On the 16th of October the main gate was thrown open, and we saw their carriage drive in, a pleasant sight for people who had never seen any carriage come in unless it was to start soon after with a load of victims.

"The Conventionnels went to the keeper's office, and soon let out eighty of the common prisoners; as for the *ci-devants*, they were still uncertain about their fate. The deputies adjourned their next meeting to the 18th of October, and I felt that I should probably be examined on that day.

"I felt anxious about the result, as I was determined to answer the truth. I was afraid if I spoke the truth, as I was determined to do, that I should remain shut up in prison for many years to come. On that day, just while I was revolving those thoughts in my mind, I was ordered to the office. After we had entered the room where the Conventionnels held their sitting, we were harshly told, 'Let the *ci-devants* go and wait outside; it is not right that they should be examined before honest *sans culottes*.' So we withdrew, and waited for nearly three hours, standing. I was busy chatting with Madame de la Fayette, until my turn came. Bourdon asked what my names were, and when he had heard them, he jumped up from his chair and exclaimed: 'What horrible names! we cannot set this woman free. Her case must be referred to the Committee of General Safety.' He then made some inquiries about my residence, the length of my imprisonment, &c.

"Legendre, the butcher, with a more humane look about him, told his colleague that my papers were correct, that the reports about me were good, that he knew I had been a Lady of Charity at St. Sulpice. Inwardly I felt pleased that if I was set free it would be owing to my charity for the poor.

"One of the prisoners present kindly interfered, and praised my behaviour in prison; the gaoler confirmed this account and enlarged upon my obedience to the rules.

"I was leaning negligently against a table covered with our judges' papers, and I have since been told that they found my attitude haughty. They came to no decision about my case, but most of my fellow-prisoners were set at liberty. I withdrew, convinced that I should remain in prison, although one of my neighbours assured me that my name was on the list of those who were to be set free. I returned to my room, resigned to my fate, and Madame de la Fayette and I had made up our minds about it.

"On October 19, 1794, at ten o'clock in the morning, while I was arranging my room, the door was all of a sudden thrown open. A few weeks before I should have thought it meant the bringing of my death-warrant, and even now I hardly expected any good news. But some one, whose name I cannot remember, entered, and kindly said: 'You are free.' I hardly would believe it; but the porter came in, confirmed the news, and brought the warrant which set me at liberty. I pondered sadly about the use I was to make of my liberty. I had no one to look to for comfort, I was far away from my son and from any relative; I had no home and no money; and so I felt angry at the congratulations I received from the very gaolers and gendarmes.

"In this whirl of thoughts and feelings, the memory of my dear son, and the thought that I might be useful to him, awoke my courage and drew me out of my despondency. My things were soon packed up and made into two bundles. I said good-bye to Madame de la Fayette, who was doomed to remain in the prison with some other persons; I felt grateful to them for the joy they expressed at my good fortune, while they themselves remained in bondage.

"I took a porter at the door to carry half my luggage, and I went to my mother-in-law's house, rue Bellechose. She received me most kindly."

Here we must part with Madame de Duras; her troubles were far from being over. She had to suffer from cold and hunger during the hard winter of 1794-95, but her miseries were then personal, while those she had endured in prison were common to her fellow-prisoners, and give us an insight into the dreary and gloomy gaols of the Reign of Terror, far worse than any of the Bastilles the new Government was supposed to have overthrown.

At the time Madame de Duras concluded her journal, in 1804, she was still living in Paris, and had been joined there by her son and the wife he had just married, who was destined to become herself an accomplished writer, and to add through her literary achievements a new lustre to the family name of Duras.

The Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

DOUBTLESS many of our readers are familiar with the masterly chapter which Sir Henry Maine devoted to proving the transition in progressive societies from *Status* to *Contract*, and showing that whereas, in the earlier stages of society all the relations of life arise from the status, or legal position of the individual, in the later periods these relations owe their existence solely to contracts or agreements entered into between the parties concerned. Thus slavery, which was purely a matter of status, is after the lapse of time supplanted by the relation of master and servant, which is entered into and regulated entirely by contract.

The reason for this change is to be found in the fact that in early periods the unit of society is not the man but the family (in the extended sense in which that term was used in ancient times), the law disregarding the individual and looking only to the family, of which the head, being answerable to the State for the wrongful acts, and liable on the contracts of those under his *potestas*, or power, was lawgiver, judge, and frequently executioner in that family circle into which the law did not deign to enter.

The result to which this progress from status to contract leads is, of course, the disintegration of the family.

In our own country this process was for a time arrested by the introduction of Feudalism which brought in a state of things to some extent resembling the older systems; for, in the relation subsisting between the feudal lord and his dependants, we recognize some likeness to the united family of ancient law. In other respects, too, our Common Law showed a similarity to the institutions of the Old World. "I do not know," says Sir Henry Maine, "how the operation and nature of the ancient *Patria Potestas* can be brought so vividly before the mind as by reflecting on the prerogatives attached to the husband by the pure English Common Law, and by recalling the rigorous

consistency with which the view of a complete legal subjection on the part of the wife is carried by it, where it is untouched by equity or statutes, through every department of rights, duties, and remedies."

All this, however, has changed with succeeding generations, and to-day the subjects of the Queen, even when they are members of the same family, are for all practical purposes, recognized as separate units before the law. Thus the wife, through the intervention, first of the Court of Chancery and later of the Legislature, is now, in questions of property and contract, almost a separate person from her husband. Another instance of the same tendency is to be found in the modern relation between employers and employed, which Father Joseph Rickaby has shown to be, in all probability, the real cause of Socialism.

The law has now fully entered into the family, and settles disputes between husband and wife, father and son, master and servant. The result of this state of things, being, as we have seen, the destruction of the remaining traces of the unity of the family, is, as a general rule, to be lamented; but, in the instance which we propose to consider in the present paper, the degradation of many, who unfortunately would seem to be without even natural religion or feeling, has rendered the interference of the law between the members of the family as necessary in England at the present day as it was, long ago, in Ancient Rome.

The decline of the *Patria Potestas* forms an interesting chapter in Roman law. The dominion of the father extended to his wife, children natural and adopted, and to the descendants of males, to free labourers, and to slaves, and it affected both property and person. The diminution of this power in regard to property was brought about principally by the introduction of certain kinds of acquisitions gained by the son in military service, and later in civil service also, which he was allowed to hold free from parental control.

The power of the father over the person of his son was confined to private law; for, within the province of public law, the son was capable of holding office as a magistrate, judge, or consul, and, as such, was entitled to the respect and submission of his father. In private law, however, the son's position was the same as that of a slave. "Over his lawful children let the father have the power of life and death and of sale." This was

the precept of the Twelve Tables, and the only modification seems to have been a law of still earlier date, attributed to Romulus, and said by Cicero to have been transferred to the Twelve Tables, which made it unlawful to expose any male child, or first-born female, unless the infant was, in the opinion of five neighbours, so deformed that it ought not to live. Nevertheless infanticide remained common down to the time of the Empire.

By degrees, however, public opinion curbed the exercise of the extreme powers of the father. Thus, in the time of Trajan, a father who had been guilty of gross cruelty to his son was compelled to emancipate him. Again, in the reign of Hadrian, the punishment of banishment was awarded to a father who, under intense provocation, had killed his son. Later, the Emperor Alexander would not allow a father to administer punishment more severe than a simple flogging, without the sanction of the President of the Province. But it was reserved for Constantine to assign to the father who slew his son the penalty of the parricide, which consisted of being tied up in a sack, with a cock, a viper, and an ape, and being drowned. A constitution, moreover, of Valentinian and Valens provided that, in extreme cases, the State, and not the father, should undertake the punishment of the offending son.

In England the father long reigned supreme in his family; and, although he never enjoyed the power of life and death, yet he certainly could not complain of undue interference with his rule by the Common Law. He was compelled by statute to provide bare necessities for such of his children as were unable to find for themselves, and various modern enactments dealt with questions of improper employment of children, assault and improper custody, while an Act of Her present Majesty made it an offence punishable on summary conviction, for a parent wilfully to neglect to provide adequate food, clothing, medical aid, or lodging for his children, if their health was, or was likely to be, thereby injured. Thus the Legislature cannot be accused of having entirely forgotten the little ones. But various difficulties were still to be overcome, not the least of which was that it appeared to be no one's business to find out cases of neglect and injury and to set the law in motion.

We have not forgotten how Sydney Smith, writing about the Society for the Suppression of Vice, deprecated the formation of a "corporation of informers," and warned the country of the

mischievous of averting the fears and hopes of the people from the known and constituted authorities of the country to self-created powers. But, in the case of ill-treatment of children, this was exactly what was wanted; and no better proof of this can be found than in the fact that one of such constituted authorities, namely the police, have now practically placed the whole matter in the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

With the means then at its disposal, the Society went to work about five years ago, and certainly did much good. But it soon became evident that those means were utterly inadequate, the law being then, for practical purposes, very defective.

In many of the cases of atrocities committed on children, the parents sheltered themselves under the plea that they were merely administering the correction which the law allowed. In starvation cases also it was found that practically nothing could be done unless the child died; and even then a medical certificate of death from disease, or natural causes, could frequently be obtained.

In questions, therefore, of the treatment of children, the father was almost supreme, and his position was strengthened by the defective state of the law which did not allow the mother, if she were married to the father,¹ to give evidence against him. The testimony, moreover, of the injured child, and of its little brothers and sisters, was frequently excluded on the ground that the children did not understand the theological nature of an oath; while the maxim, that "the Englishman's house is his castle," effectually prevented the neighbours, even had they been disposed to mind what they considered other people's business, from in any way interfering with the "tyrant of the household!"

These antiquated rules of law, so admirably adapted to shelter the worst kind of criminals, have now, so far as the treatment of children is concerned, been swept away. The Society of which we speak, in August last obtained the "Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to, and better Protection of, Children." We considered the provisions of that statute in the November number of this Review, and found that they contained clauses, not only dealing with the ill-treatment and neglect of infants, and causing them to beg and perform in the streets; limiting their employment in theatres and providing

¹ Otherwise, if she were not.

for their removal in certain cases from the custody of their parents; but also allowing search-warrants to be obtained and houses entered in which foul play is suspected. Moreover, the evidence of children of tender years who, although not understanding the nature of an oath, yet know the duty of speaking the truth, is admitted; and the wife is made a competent, although not compellable, witness against a cruel husband.

When, in July last, this measure was before the House of Lords, Lord Meath expressed his satisfaction that the Bill had passed the Lower House, and was then passing the Higher so rapidly, and added that forty years ago it would have been impossible to have carried such a measure in one session. He attributed this change for the better in public opinion to the influence of the late Lord Shaftesbury, and said that the energy and activity with which that nobleman threw himself into the cause of the poor and the helpless enabled us to carry out that which otherwise we should hardly have been able to do.

Much indeed has already been accomplished, but we must not rest satisfied until an end has been put to the prevalent system of insurance upon infant life, with which so little has as yet been done, although, as long as thirty years ago, Mr. Justice Wightman expressed an earnest hope that it would be dealt with by the Legislature. As at present practised it proves a source of irresistible temptation to unnatural parents and step-parents, who prefer a trifling sum, such as £3, or even less, to a child's life, and do not hesitate, for the sake of so small a gain, to kill the unhappy infant by slow degrees. It is hoped, moreover, to deal a death-blow both at the pernicious custom of baby-farming, which presents such an easy method of getting rid of inconvenient children, and also at the administration of poisonous syrups and food by which the same end is now frequently attained.

At the risk of harrowing the feelings of our readers we give, from the Report of the Society, one or two instances of the kind of cases dealt with, in order to show that a crying evil really exists. For we think, with Mr. Mundella, that there are still many who have not the smallest conception of the appalling cruelties that are practised upon children and the hardships they have to suffer.

A child, thirteen years old, a cripple, was found in an attic, where there was no fire, though it was a bitter day, the room being in such a filthy state that it made one witness, who entered

it, ill. The child was found in a chair, where it had been sitting so long that it was rigid, legs and arms fixed, one leg crossed over the other; the ankles were swollen, and the body filthy and covered with vermin. It had not been washed for weeks. A year before, when living with an aunt, the girl weighed 70 lbs., but when found and taken to the workhouse she was reduced to 27 lbs. Witnesses proved that, though constantly at the house, they did not know of the existence of the child, and, seeing some mouldy crusts and leavings of coffee taken upstairs, thought a dog was kept. Others said that though they were at the house at work all day and joined the step-mother and her children at hot breakfasts and dinners, they never saw anything taken upstairs. The step-mother was heard to say she wished the child was dead. Both she and the father were committed for trial and convicted.

A girl of eleven was continually beaten on the back and face with an iron lath and both eyes blackened. She was beaten with a poker and her head cut with a broom-handle; for three weeks she slept on the common staircase of the lodging-house rather than enter her step-mother's room. The woman was sentenced at the Surrey Sessions to eighteen months' hard labour, and the girl sent to the Catholic School at Mill Hill.

A Baby Farm.—In a room, twelve feet square, almost without furniture, and with bare, filthy boards, were found seven children, nearly naked and covered with filth, their ages ranging from five years to twenty months. All were miserably stunted, one suffering from bronchitis, one from scalp complaint, brought on by dirt, and four from rickets; the youngest so weak that it had to be carried to the workhouse on a pillow. A witness described their legs as hanging "like dolls' legs;" the stench in the room made strong men ill. The four who were weakest were found to be insured. The man and woman in whose charge they were refused to give any information as to the parentage, merely mentioning that certain sums of money were paid with them when they were handed over. The children, when strong enough, were taken to the Society's Shelter; one died from the results of the neglect, one has been adopted, and three were placed in Homes. The man and woman were sentenced to nine months' and two years' hard labour respectively.

It may here be noted that two years' imprisonment with hard labour is a far more severe punishment than many people

think. It is inflicted only for very serious offences, and is a penalty which very few criminals have the physical strength to undergo. Of course when a man shows signs of breaking down under it he is taken off hard labour.

Hundreds of other cases of cruelty might be mentioned, such as torturing a blind girl with a red-hot poker; immersing a dying boy in a tub of cold water for nearly an hour, "to get this dying done;" breaking a girl's arm with a broom-stick, then setting her to scrub the floor with her broken arm folded to her breast, and whipping her for being so long about it; hanging a naked boy, with tied hands, from a hook in the ceiling, and then flogging him; but we will spare our readers further details.

We are inclined to adopt the opinion of Mr. Tallack, the Secretary of the Howard Association for the Treatment and Prevention of Crime, who advocates flogging as the best form of punishment for this class of offences. "These," he says, "are the sort of outrages, and their number is legion, constantly committed by a class of wretches who are at once the most cruel and the most cowardly of the community; creatures compared with whom the ordinary thief is a paragon of virtue.

"Such despicable miscreants are more effectually cowed and more promptly held in check, by smart corporal punishment than by other modes of restraint. It is absurd to talk about 'degrading' them by this infliction. They have already degraded themselves to the uttermost. Any process of treatment which either checks their crimes, or brings them to some sense of fear or shame, is at once an elevation and a mercy. . . . To these inhuman foes of their own kind the administration of a moderate but stinging castigation with rods or a whip, on the bare back, for a reasonable number of times, at intervals, according to the enormity of the offence, is a much more dreaded, and therefore a more effectual punishment, than months or years of mere imprisonment."

It is perfectly true, as Sydney Smith pointed out, that you cannot reform the heart and make men good by Act of Parliament; but it is no less true that you can, by such means, protect the subjects of the Queen, and alleviate the sufferings of helpless children. The way in which the Society attains this object is, in the first place, by warning. Whenever ill-treatment is discovered, an officer goes to the wrong-doer and places before him a copy of the section of the Act of Parliament

against which he is offending, calling his attention, at the same time, to a list of convictions with a blank line at the bottom, on which the warned person is told that his name will assuredly appear unless he mend his ways. Such warnings have proved, in the majority of cases, effectual. The cruel parent is generally of opinion, until taught otherwise, that he can do what he likes with his own, and is quite surprised to find that there is any law against him. Legal proceedings are taken only in the last resort; thus, out of 1,180 cases investigated and dealt with, only 180 were brought to trial. So satisfactory have the methods of the Society appeared to the authorities, that last year Mr. Munro and Sir James Fraser, the Commissioners of the Metropolitan and City Police, issued orders that particulars of all cases of cruelty to children, coming to the knowledge of the force, should be notified, and every information and assistance given, to the Society. Facilities are also afforded to the Society's representatives to attend the police courts at the hearing of cases, in order to make to the magistrate any application which may appear desirable. Officers of the Society are, moreover, under certain circumstances, to be permitted to take charge of arrested children, on entering into recognizances to produce them at the hearing of the case.

Since offences against children are by no means confined to the poor, and some of the worst instances which have been brought to light, have been among the middle classes and among people of wealth, it is satisfactory to know that the Society is no respecter of persons. It undertakes to investigate any case of suspected wrong-dealing, no matter how high in rank, or how low and friendless the alleged sufferer may be; to bring the matter before any court which the law provides and circumstances demand, and to bear the whole of the trouble and expense.

W. C. MAUDE.

Glencoonoge.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAW AND THE CHURCH.

IT must have been more than a week after this that there pulled up before the inn door a well-appointed car, from which alighted a dapper, little, well-dressed, elderly man. He dismounted slowly with great care, but once on *terra firma* he dropped his caution and walked into the hall with an exaggeratedly light and jaunty step. Conn met him of course; with a natural affinity for anything of interest that was occurring in his neighbourhood, Conn was sure to be on the spot where there was news to be learned or a fresh arrival witnessed.

"Good morning, Mr. Jardine," says Conn. "I hope you're well, sir."

"Never mind how I am," returned Mr. Jardine, in a peppery way; he was always short with underlings. "Where is Mrs. Ennis?"

"I'll bring her to you, Mr. Jardine. Won't you take a seat in here, sir, if you please?"

"Bring her to me!" exclaimed Mr. Jardine, indignantly. "Do you call that manners? Take me to *her* I tell you."

"Faith I don't know where she is," says Conn, cutting short the controversy by going off in search of his mistress, and leaving Mr. Jardine to sit or stand as he might like.

"Barbarian!" muttered Mr. Jardine, as he turned into the room, the door of which Conn had opened. Going up to the chimney-piece he took off his hat, laid it on the table, and surveyed himself in the glass. The face the glass reflected was clean-shaved and wax-like, not much wrinkled, nor would it have been suggestive of age but for the light-brown dye in his hair, which was brushed in a very artificial manner up from the sides, where it grew thickly, and over the crown, where there was none otherwise. Its arrangement was a

work of art—and of time it may be surmised; and it framed a low, protruding forehead, from under which a pair of bright eyes shot quick glances. His ears were large; so was his mouth, and his nose small and straight. You or I might have thought some of his features good and some of them commonplace, but Mr. Jardine was very well satisfied with them all; and having reassured himself respecting his appearance, and hearing footsteps approaching, he turned his back to the fire and fixed his eyes steadily upon the door.

Mrs. Ennis hurried to meet her lawyer in some trepidation; Conn had told her that the "old gentleman" was in the devil's own temper, which he assuredly would have been had he heard any one calling him "old."

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Jardine," said the hostess of "The Harp," as she came in, "who would have thought of seeing you so early? And d'ye tell me ye've driven all the way from Lisheen this morning? To be sure I'm very glad to see you, but I hope 'tis nothing the matter that brings you."

"Sure 'tis nothing of a ride, ma'am, when a man is brisk and vigorous in his health. No, no, there's nothing amiss that I know of. I was just passing, that was all, and I couldn't do that you know without looking in to say how d'ye do. You have no news for me, I suppose?"

"No, then, indeed, Mr. Jardine. Everything's very quiet entirely. 'Tis the dead season. Mr. Shipley is staying in the house, but we hav'nt seen another strange face these weeks."

"Mr. Shipley! Oh, yes, I heard he was here."

"There's little that you don't hear of, Mr. Jardine, I'm thinking."

"Well, well," said the lawyer, resigned to his omniscience, "I hear perhaps many things that it would be pleasanter not to know. The follies, ma'am, people do be guilty of, you'd hardly believe. And yet the multifarious experience I have become possessed of in the course of a long practice—painful as it may sometimes have been—is not altogether thrown away, ma'am, not altogether thrown away."

"To be sure, to be sure," assented the landlady.

"But for it, ma'am, how could I help people out of their difficulties?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Or how could I put them on their guard against taking certain courses?"

"Of course not."

"Ah, ma'am!" said Mr. Jardine, throwing up his eyes and lifting up his hands, "there's a great deal of villainy abroad in the world, ma'am."

"I'm sure of it, Mr. Jardine," said Mrs. Ennis, emphatically.

"Ah! sure what do you—what *can* you know about it? No one does any harm to ye, anyway."

"For the matter o' that, sir, I make no complaint—little or none. Custom is good; bills are paid at going away."

"And you give good vally for the money, ma'am, allow me to remark."

"Well, sir, without boasting, I think I may say so; and 'tishn't every one can say as much. I could name places I know of where the whisky sold is little better than poison."

"I can vouch, ma'am, that yours is the very best."

"You may say that, sir, for I never put anything to it but water, and sure that would never hurt anybody."

"Mrs. Ennis, you're a good woman and deserve to prosper. But let me tell you, ma'am, there are iniquities and schemes in the world, that *I* have to do with, which *you* know nothing of."

"D'ye tell me so, sir! Well I never! Well to be sure!"

"At this present moment, ma'am, there's a Dublin firm of attorneys—I'll give you the name, Goble and Leud is what they call themselves; may be ye've heard tell of them?"

"Goble and Leud! Never, sir; never to my knowledge."

"You never heard of the Messrs. Goble and Leud!" repeated the lawyer, slowly, with his eyes fixed keenly on the old lady, "and if ye did, ma'am," he resumed lightly, "if ye did, what harm? A sensible woman like you is not to be caught with chaff. I wish I was as secure about all my clients. At this very moment these men, ma'am, these men are sowing the country broadcast with letters inviting all and sundry (who have anything to lose) to borrow money from them on easy terms."

"The Lord save us!"

'Tis taking advantage of the bad times they are, luring people to their ruin, nothing more nor less. More than one client of my own has already been taken in—I name no names—farmers, shopkeepers, well-to-do men before the times got so bad; they acted without consulting me, and now they come to me to help them out of the swamp. But 'tis too late; I can do nothing."

"Sure you, as the executor of my husband's will, know that I have only a life-interest——"

"I know more than that, ma'am. I know that you enjoy the good fortune, exceptional in these days, of being independent of external help; and for that reason probably you'll never hear from these gentlemen. Should you do so, I'd like to see the kind of communication you'd get—just for curiosity. What wouldn't I give to have the hunting of them down, the blood-suckers! As it is I'm exposing their machinations right and left."

"And well you may, sir. Only to think of money going abegging as it were! in these times too! Ah, well! it happens to the best off to be hard-driven sometimes for want of money. Only last month I had to turn a deaf ear to George, who's in a bad way, I fear, poor fellow!"

"What! George in trouble again? Well, well, boys will be boys; though, by the way, George must be getting rather an old boy now, eh?"

"Still an' all 'tis a hard profession he's chosen and slow to make way in. And 'tis hard if he should have to give up at last for the want of the means to continue, and he with his heart so bent on making a figure at the Bar"—and with this Mrs. Ennis told her lawyer of George's latest application to her and how she had met it.

Mr. Jardine, who listened with apparent indifference, but with real attention, only pooh-poohed when she came to a full stop.

"Never fear for George," said he, "George'll drop on his feet sure enough sooner or later. He's better without the money, ma'am. You did wisely. A little privation is good for the young fellows at starting. Be perfectly easy in your mind. And now, Mrs. Ennis, to be candid with you, I'm hungry after my ride, and should not object to some luncheon."

"I ought to have thought of it before, sir," said the hospitable old lady, much lightened by her lawyer's kind and reassuring words respecting George and her own treatment of him. "There's a piece of bacon and some cabbage nearly ready, and I'll go and tell them to hurry on with it," and she went away to give directions.

"Egad! this a pretty business," said Jardine as soon as Mrs. Ennis was gone. His face, hitherto perfectly impassive, fell into thoughtful lines. He pulled out of his pocket a letter he

had read many times already, and proceeded to read it afresh, stopping every now and again to repeat some of its expressions aloud, and to reflect upon such words as "in confidence," "the yearly income of the inn in question," "the conditions under which it is held, whether in virtue of absolute rights or subject to reversionary interests, and if so in what manner," "an early answer will be appreciated by Your obedient servants, Goble and Lend."

"Egad!" said Mr. Jardine to me an hour later as we were finishing luncheon, "no wonder I was puzzled. The fellows have worded this letter in such a way that I was fairly at a loss what to make of it; and I was not at all sure on second thoughts but that the widow in her ignorance of affairs was trying to raise money for building purposes or goodness knows what; as if the inn had not grown too large already. For you never can tell: people in this country have such a light-hearted way of getting themselves into difficulties. But my first impression turned out the right one after all. Mrs. Ennis is as innocent in the matter as the child unborn. 'Tis Master George is at the bottom of the business—the young fool! But what could the fellows mean by writing to *me* for the information?"

"Goodness knows. Will you give it them?"

"I'll take no notice of them whatever, answered Mr. Jardine indignantly, "but I'll write to Master George and tell him what I think of him, and open his eyes to what 'tis he's doing. Mind, Mr. Shipley, what I have said is in confidence."

I assured Mr. Jardine that I never meddled in other people's business, and that I was not likely to do so in a case of such delicacy; and as Mrs. Ennis herself joined us almost immediately after, our conversation had to be suddenly diverted into some other channel—a feat which presented no difficulty to the adroit Mr. Jardine. He rallied me on my repeated choice of Glencoonoge for winter-quarters; speculated on what the secret attraction could be which I was keeping so close; and appealed to Mrs. Ennis for enlightenment. Mrs. Ennis was not slow at hazarding suggestions, which, though far-fetched enough in all conscience, were capped in every instance by Mr. Jardine; so that we became all of a sudden very lively; even Dan Hoolahan, who was waiting on us, made no concealment of the interest and amazement with which he listened to our conversation in the background.

"For my part," said Mr. Jardine by-and-bye more seriously,

when we had all laughed sufficiently at my expense, "give me foreign travel and adventure. Were you ever in Switzerland? Ah! that's the place for the beautiful scenery. But I'd never recommend any one to go alone. In this country you might go from one end of it to the other and come to no harm—sure don't you remember the song, 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore;' but I wouldn't be so secure in Switzerland."

"No?"

"No, indeed. And you'd be of my way of thinking if you had experienced what happened to myself in the very first day's walk I took; the first, and for the matter of that, the last. Before starting, a lady I well knew, who was going the same way herself, offered me a spare seat in her carriage. But 'no,' I said. 'They tell me 'tis a grand view entirely that I'll get by the way, and I want to have time to look at it,' said I. 'Besides it was to breathe the air and for walking exercise that I came to Switzerland and not to be hurrying over the beauties of Nature in carriages.' 'Egad,' says the lady, 'ye're a stout man, Mr. Jardine,' and well she might, when ye'll hear what followed. My friends set out accordingly in their carriage, and by-and-bye I prepared to follow on foot. For about two hours all went well. Och! the beauties of that place—they'd baffle the description of any man. And the air! There's only one thing that beats it for hilarity, and that's real old Irish whisky, ma'am."

Mrs. Ennis curtsied, and Mr. Jardine emptied the contents of his tumbler.

"Well, as I said, all went well for a time; until a long way ahead of me—for in that air you can see a mighty long way entirely—what should I see sitting on the parapet of a bridge across a torrent but two men in cloaks and tall hats—in England you call them Alpine hats, but they're the very things that are worn there by the *brigands*. Now I'd never seen a *brigand* before in my life; but it flashed across me like lightning that these were *brigands*, and that they were there for no good purpose. What did I do, but I walked on, determined to let them see I wasn't afraid of them."

"How could you do it, sir, at all?" exclaimed Mrs. Ennis.

"It certainly was very plucky," I remarked, somewhat sternly.

"Never heard of such a thing in my life before," said Mrs. Ennis, looking from one to the other, without, however, much astonishment in her face.

"I walked on," continued Mr. Jardine, becoming intense,

"with my eye fixed on them. I never took it off, ma'am, if you'll believe me. And they—they saw the customer they had to deal with. For though they looked at me as if they'd like to throw me down, rob me, and murder me there and then, they never moved from where they sat, and in that way, still riveting them with my eye, I passed by. Now listen to what followed. Most men in that position would have taken to their heels and never stopped until they had reached safety. Not so with me. I determined to show no fear—'tis the greatest mistake in the world. Never show fear when you're in desperate straits; but keep your head clear, and depend on it courage will bring you through. With a firm tread, and grasping my stick well, I walked on, without looking behind. I had hardly passed them before they rose and began to walk after me. If they had tried to catch up with me I must have run—for what chance would one man have against two? But they saw I wasn't afraid, and they kept a civil distance, I can tell you. And thus they pursued me until within half a mile of my journey's end, when they all of a sudden disappeared. I promise you I didn't enjoy much of the scenery that day; it was as much as my life was worth to have looked to the right or the left. If I had taken my attention off them for a moment I'd have been a dead man. My friends were at the hotel, looking out for me. And when I told them all—'Egad, Mr. Jardine,' says the lady, 'we saw the two men you speak of, and do you mean to say they were brigands?' says she. 'Nothing else in the world, ma'am,' says I. 'And that they pursued you like that the whole day, and you here and alive this minute? Egad, then, says she, 'egad, Mr. Jardine, ye're the stoutest man ever I saw.'"

"Some day," continued Mr. Jardine to me, "I must tell you more of my adventures. Indeed, it isn't much encouragement I get to be leaving my own country where I was born. 'Tis the safest place in the world, when all's said and done; while in my travels I've met with nothing but hair-breadth escapes, and the most bewildering adventures."

Mrs. Ennis was full of advice to her lawyer not to be so venturesome; I was too much perplexed to hazard any comment. Shortly after, Mr. Jardine took leave of us. He had to go on to Kilmeedy on business; it would be as much as he could do to get there by daylight.

"Come over and see me at Lisheen, Mr. Shipley," were his

parting words, as he sat on his car, reins and whip in hand, "and I'll tell you more stories of my travels."

"The man must be dreaming!" whispered Mrs. Ennis, as soon as the car had carried him out of hearing. "Did you ever hear such a story in all your life? And he believes every word of it, which is simply incredible, in a clever man like that."

Mr. Jardine lived at the town of Lisheen eleven miles off, and as I seldom went there, and he was much from home, some time elapsed before we met again. Meanwhile I was not altogether dependent for society upon the inn household and the neighbouring rustics. The Rev. Templeton Fleming, the rector of Glencoonoge, was my nearest neighbour, the rectory and church being not more than three or four hundred yards away. We were perpetually knocking up against one another in the road, and he was never done calling on me at "The Harp;" for he benevolently assumed that my sojourn at Glencoonoge must be extremely dull. But in truth the only time it ever occurred to me that Glencoonoge might be a trying place to live in was when Mr. Fleming, in the course of our conversations, reminded me of the aspect in which the place and its people presented themselves to his eyes.

Certainly I would not have cared to change places with Mr. Fleming. And yet when of a morning, while dressing, I looked out of the side window of my bed-room—not the one which commands the bay, but that which looks westward in the direction of the village—and saw the pretty steeplet of his church, and loved it for the picturesque finish it gave to the changing foliage out of which it rose, my first instinct invariably was to think the rector a lucky man. You could not wish for a prettier bit of architecture than his church, solidly built of stone, perched in the most engaging way on rising ground. Then there is the ivy-covered rectory adjoining, and a large garden full of trim walks, and green lawns with long beds in them filled with all sorts of old-fashioned, sweet-smelling shrubs and flowers. I never used to pass the garden without stopping to look over the low hedge that separates it from the road; the place was, and is, a perfect little paradise. Moreover, the rector's income is sufficient and secure; his house is graced by an admiring wife and by a daughter who idolizes her father. Mr. Fleming himself is a gentleman by birth and education. I should imagine that in circumstances which would develop his intellectual

powers would be of no mean order. His appearance is not against him; his tall, slightly stooped figure and his regular features being all suggestive of refinement and dignity. Nevertheless he is a disappointed man. I fear he is thrown away and unappreciated at Glencoonoge. No one ever seeks his advice, and few accept his ministrations. Sunday after Sunday his church is all but empty: weeks pass and no visitor knocks at the rectory. His wife's praises, it is true, partially maintain his faith in himself and keep him from losing heart altogether; but her encouragement finds no echo outside his home. As for his daughter, the rector's affection for her only makes more painful the dread that she may bloom and fade unwedded in this desert land, where there are men enough, but none eligible. So that, in a sense, the very things one might be at first inclined to envy in his lot are those which add poignancy to the discontent for which he has such good cause.

Did I say he is unappreciated? The expression is too mild. The truth is, the rector is positively disliked; and it has come about in this way. The gentry of the neighbourhood are mostly absentees, and their Scotch or English game-keepers, gate-keepers, and caretakers, with their respective wives and children, are the members—almost the only members—of the rector's flock. Had but these representatives of Protestantism mustered Sunday after Sunday in the well-garnished little temple over which the rector presided, with any approach to the unanimity and regularity with which the mere peasantry thronged from miles around to hear Mass in the chapel at the other end of the village, a good many of the seats would have been filled, and the array of worshippers would in itself have been an argument in favour of the existence of a church in that district. But alas! the members of Mr. Fleming's congregation were very rare church-goers. Presumably, it was in the time of his predecessor, the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Fox, that they had become so remiss. He, poor man, had been popular enough with all creeds and classes; but then he had accepted his position, had been as genial and as careless as those about him; had enjoyed the good things and the easy life which had fallen to his lot, and had let matters take their course. Far be it from me to say that what redounds to his own comfort should be a man's, and especially a clergyman's, first consideration; or that Mr. Fleming, in taking a sterner view of his duties, did not present a nobler

example. But there is discretion in all things, and Mr. Fleming's stock of discretion and patience was soon exhausted. Shortly after his appointment to the living, he set himself to fill his empty pews. He lectured his audience in church on the iniquity of those who didn't come, in the hope that his words, like seed carried by the wind, might spread far and wide, and bring forth fruit in season. Finding, however, that his exhortations had no effect, he called on his people and lectured them in their homes. Still there was no marked difference in the Sunday congregations. Mr. Fleming began now to get coldly angry, and Mrs. Fleming to carry herself with marked *hauteur* towards those upon whom pastoral admonitions were wasted. Alec Saunders, Lord Lisheen's bailiff, would tell Nathaniel Jenkins, gamekeeper to Mr. Stanhope, that the "Rev. Fleming" had taken no notice of his salute one day last week; and David Evans, caretaker of Lady Lisheen's cottage, would relate how his wife lately, when making her "obedience" to the rector's lady, had received by way of acknowledgment a blank stare from head to foot.

These measures not producing the desired effect, the attendances at church becoming if possible more scanty, the rector played his last card, and reported the recusants to their absent employers, or to their employers' agents—a step which led in one way or another to results disastrous to the rector's design. None indeed of those so reported lost their places; but the proceeding made the rector very unpopular, and blew to the winds any chance of his ever having much influence with his parishioners. Poor man! he felt his isolation keenly. His wife repeatedly told him that he was suffering for justice sake; and I doubt if it ever occurred to him that part at least of his failure was due to a certain restless, querulous element in his character which set him in antagonism to everybody, not only within his flock, but outside of it. The landowners and their agents became the objects of his incautious complaints, because they had not supported him sufficiently in his quarrel with their servants; and he alienated the sympathy of the Catholic farmers and peasantry by gratuitous denunciations of their characters and of their creed. What folly it was! His parishioners and their employers were the merest handful compared with his Catholic neighbours, whom he would have found friendly enough had he but abstained from insulting them; for no people are more tolerant than they of the

Protestantism which has been born with a man. But Mr. Fleming made no effort to hide the contempt in which he held them, and with which he sought to inoculate such strangers as he could gain the ear of. My acquaintance with Glencoonoge dated farther back than the rector's—he had been stationed there some nine years only—and enamoured as I was with the archaic simplicity of these peasants, with their kindness, and their fancies, seen through which the world became a weirder place and one more full of the marvellous, I used to be very angry at first when the rector talked in his disparaging way, and would wrangle with him hotly. But I grew tired of this, finding how powerless my arguments were to alter his dislike. So now seeing his prejudice injured no one but himself, I could listen without demur to the oft-told history of his hopes, intentions, and disillusionment in regard to the inhabitants of the district; listen to it with even some degree of interest to see how much or how little even the wording of his narrative varied from the version I had heard many times before.

We had got in a wonderfully short space of time upon this very topic on the afternoon when I was making my long-deferred call upon Mrs. Fleming.

"Do not imagine," I can hear the rector saying, "that I came to the task with a biassed mind. I knew the misfortunes of these wretched people. I knew what their failings and their prejudices were, and I was prepared to regard the one with pity and the other with patience, and to leave no stone unturned to work such gradual reform as my poor efforts might be permitted to bring about. Yet after all this, and after nine of the best years of my life spent in their midst, what do I find? I own, my dear friend, to a feeling of the deepest disappointment. One does not expect, it would be useless to expect, great things; but so obstinate are these people in attachment to their dirt, their squalor, their abject wretchedness, that they resist, nay, they are offended by the smallest attempt to inculcate,—if only by the force of example, practices that might lead to their social regeneration. To illustrate what I mean: I train ivy plants and graceful creepers about my house, and I give an air of picturesqueness to a habitation in itself devoid of beauty. I clear out the paths and make them trim, and lay down gravel. My beds, by means of patient cultivation and the employment

of a taste I had acquired even as a boy, I keep filled with a profusion of beautiful, sweet-smelling, old-fashioned garden flowers. Does one single cottager follow my example? How much might not the woe-begone appearance of many of the vile habitations that we see around us be improved were it covered up with a mass of foliage! How much cheerfulness might not be added to the lives of these miserable people could they be persuaded to grow trimly-clipped hedges in front of their filthy homes; or to construct wicker porches over their doors, and weave them in and out with climbing rose, clematis, or sweetbriar! It would be cheap enough! Don't tell me, sir, it is poverty prevents their doing these things! It is the absence of all taste: it is the want of an aspiration after anything higher than their present squalor which is one of the results of their enervating religious system; a system never stamped out unfortunately at the proper time, and from which I fear it will be impossible now ever to wean its victims."

"That's the secret of it," said Mrs. Fleming, compressing her lips. "We might just as well not be here, for all the good our presence does. What is the use of services punctually given and faultlessly intoned, if the people are not present to benefit by them? In the summer, with the visitors, the church is often full; and I am sure it is most consoling. But at this time of the year, Mr. Shipley, I can assure you that Sunday after Sunday my husband delivers those solemn lessons with a perfection of accent and an elocution that brings out all their beauty, to perhaps less than six people. It is very, very trying. But what can you do? They prefer that rollicking, red-faced priest of theirs with his Latin prayers, which he probably understands as little as they do. I assure you, that man wears a hat that was once black, and is now literally brown with age. His coat is white in places, so threadbare has it become. And yet these people prefer him to my husband, who carries 'gentleman' in his face if ever a man did, and who never shows by the negligence of his dress that he forgets the dignity of his calling. They would rather go to that barn in the village which they call a chapel, and which is in such a disgraceful state of repair that the tiles on the roof have slipped down in many places, and the ivy is hanging through the holes and climbing about the rafters inside—at least I am told so," she added parenthetically with

a slight shudder, "for nothing shall ever induce me to enter the place. They prefer it, I say, to our dear little place of worship so well built, so well kept, so regularly washed. It is all part of the degraded nature of the people."

"Still, my dear, we must not despair nor give up our task, though I own it is up-hill work."

"The people are so deceitful," continued Mrs. Fleming. "Their furtive looks as they pass you on the road tell you at once they are not to be trusted."

"Unhappily too true," said the parson. "They have an ingrained habit of lying, and until *that* is eradicated I am afraid we shall not do much good."

"What can you expect?" said Mrs. Fleming with a shrug; "look at the instruction and example they get from their priest."

"What! Father John!" I cried. "I hope you have nothing to say against him. He is a man whose friendship I value; his threadbare coat fills me with respect."

"I hope Mr. Shipley," said the rector's wife after a moment's pause, "he has not got *you* in his toils, too. My dear," she continued turning to her husband, "you have often had misgivings about your conduct to that person in the first instance. But the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that you were right in refusing to have anything to say to him from the outset. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' and I wish Mr. Shipley would lay that maxim to heart," she added slowly and with great significance.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said the parson coldly. "I have heard that his manners are sometimes reckoned agreeable. On his first meeting with me he carried himself as if he had been usually well received, and appeared to take it for granted that we were going to be acquainted. I met his unmannerly advances," continued the rector with some heat, "by giving him the cut direct, and I now find that whenever we meet he looks another way. My gentleman has evidently not forgotten the lesson, and, I have no doubt, found a particular gratification in his revenge."

"His revenge!"

"Yes, indeed," said the rector, with a heavy sigh, "'tis barely twelve months since that wolf carried off one of the sheep of my pasture."

It was the first time I had heard that the rector kept

sheep, and I was divided between a calculation as to where he grazed them, and a feeling of dismay at the idea of my esteemed friend Father Moriarty having committed a larceny, when Mrs. Fleming interposed :

"You know Miss Johnson, the book-keeper at 'The Harp,' of course?"

"Oh yes."

"Perhaps you are not aware that that priest whom you condescend to speak of by his Christian name, and of the danger of whose society you do not seem to be sufficiently on your guard has seduced her into the bosom of his Church."

"My dear!" cried the rector, alarmed, "Mr. Shipley will misunderstand you. My wife means," he added, turning to me, "that Miss Johnson has lately become a pervert to the Church of Rome."

"Is it possible!"

"It is indeed too true," said the rector. "Such a pity! Such a quiet steady person as she seemed!"

"You must remember, my dear," continued Mrs. Fleming, "we never knew much about her, and from the outset she has been very reserved even with us. She is a loss certainly. She must be a woman more than ordinarily gifted. Coming, Heaven knows whence, she dropped down here a complete stranger, and has every one of these unruly people at her beck and call. Mrs. Ennis told me before this miserable event happened, that she was highly pleased with her book-keeper, and that she herself in her best days had never had affairs more completely in hand. I am sorry to say, Mrs. Ennis continues to countenance her still, notwithstanding that I have expressed my opinion very seriously on the subject. The servants at the inn are now Catholics without exception; and Miss Johnson having in consequence of her perversion gained greater influence over the rest than ever, I have told Mrs. Ennis that for her own safety she ought to get rid of the book-keeper at once."

"As I have frequently remarked," interposed the rector, "I don't think I would have gone quite so far as that, my dear."

"You are too cautious, Templeton," returned his lady. "It is the way with all our clergy now-a-days. With their timidity, their considerateness, and their fear of offending and of inflicting injury, our Church is losing ground, and aggressive men like your rival yonder are carrying everything before them. It would be a mercy to that misguided young woman herself, to get her any-

where out of reach of the influence of that man. I am very much mistaken if she is not already beginning bitterly to repent of what she has done. I was taking the air yesterday among those quiet pathways behind the inn which they have lately made—such an improvement, Mr. Shipley—when, being unperceived myself, I saw Miss Johnson at some distance pacing to and fro under the trees in a singularly agitated manner. She seemed like one struggling with herself; and if she is not unhappy, I am no true judge of the expression of a face. She is justly punished for her sin, and she is a warning to all who run into the path of danger.” This with a look at me.

“Nay,” said the rector, whose wife ruled him when she kept cool, but who habitually grew moderate when she waxed indiscreet, “let us not harden our hearts. I say again, that little incident which you have described, my dear, fills me with hope; let us not triumph, but be prepared to receive the sinner back with open arms so soon as she shall desire reconciliation, having perceived the error of her way.”

More interested in what had occurred than in the forecastings of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, I asked what could have led to Miss Johnson's change of religion. But it was a foolish question. I might have known the book-keeper was not likely to have confided in either the rector or his wife, and that I should only be flooded with unfavourable surmises. Mrs. Fleming by her sarcastic remark, that no doubt the priest could tell me all about it, if he would only speak the truth, brought me nearer to the right track. Yes, naturally. Of course Father John knew all about it.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOUGHT AND FOUND.

BUT not a word had Father John ever said to me of this achievement of his, though I had seen him more than once for a few minutes of a Sunday since my arrival, and though, too, he was the most open and communicative of men. Sunday to be sure was a busy day with him; he was tired out with his long ride from over the mountain to say Mass, and with his prolonged fast which he did not break much before two o'clock in the afternoon; and there were baptisms and a

number of other calls to fill up the interval before he must start homewards.

"Sure on Sundays I can't call a minute my own," he would say. "Can't ye come over to me some day in the week and we'll have a long talk."

One afternoon, soon after my visit to the rectory, I rode over to Geelagh, where Father Moriarty lives, choosing the disused mountain road which, notwithstanding the steepness of the ascent on the south side and of the descent on the northern, is a great saving of time compared with the winding coach road. As I neared the hillock on which the priest's house stands, I caught sight of Father John's burly figure moving with slow swinging strides along the road in the direction away from that in which I was coming, and I knew by his gait that he was saying his Office. I had seen him on like occasions before. Not to interrupt him, I pulled up my horse, and keeping my seat, looked around at the bleak hills and the long prospect ahead; at the curtainless dusty windows of the priest's long one-storied whitewashed dwelling-house and its cheerless slate roof, to which the thatch of former days had given place; at Bidy, the slatternly servant, as she made her round gathering in dry clothes from off the grass and the straggling bushes; at Donal, the boy-of-all-work, passing to the stable with a truss of straw upon his back, and finally once more at Father John's broad shoulders made to look Herculean by the short clerical cape he wore. He paced along with his cassock-skirt flying in the breeze, and his biretta stuck crooked on his head, in a way that the rector's wife would have called "rollicking." Presently he reached the end of the span of level road and halted at the spot where it begins again to descend, and looked down upon the valley which stretches away for miles, beyond Kilmeedy and away to where the hills begin to rise again, and to form with long and gradual ascent the distant line of the horizon. He looked out on the wild scene, on rocky ridges and long slopes covered with yellow herbage, with here and there a clump of whitewashed buildings in the middle of a green patch of cultivated land. The air was clear that day, the view unusually long, and the clouds scudded across the sky. It was not a beautiful outlook, but it seemed to hold Father John. Perhaps its sublime desolation suited the frame of mind with which he closed his Breviary. In so unconfined a space his thoughts might freely soar loosened

from the present hour, chasing the mental echoes of the Office he had just been saying. What saint's day was it? Of one who lived a thousand years since, or only a century ago? It matters not. On this day in every year that saint's undying star glimmers to the upward-looking eyes of Christendom. Whether cast in later or in the early Christian times, it was a life, we may be sure, patiently endured, wherein good works were done and falls retrieved; a life in which self was conquered, and victory, whether by martyrdom or other happy death, finally achieved over the evil one. Generations of Christian priests long dead sent the Church's daily pæan heavenwards because of the human fruits of the Christian faith; praying the while that they too might be made worthy of the promises of Christ. To-day it is the turn of those now living on the earth to do the same: a little while and their time shall have passed, and other throats shall raise the song. Time and life are so short! "A thousand years are a day in Thy sight." "Work while it is day, for the night comes when no man can work."

These thoughts and words came back to me while I stood watching Father John at a distance, because he quoted them one day when in a moment of rare solemnity he took me to task for my idle life; dwelt on the good fortune which was mine in being free from the necessity of devoting my days to procuring the means of subsistence; spoke of many uses to which I might turn my leisure, and succeeded with a wonderful ease in enlarging my mental vision for a luminous interval, and in making me feel not altogether comfortable. And now as he turned, and with his hands behind his back holding his Breviary, and eyes bent on the ground, wended his way thoughtfully homewards, I began to feel that I deserved another lecture and almost to wish that I might get it; for though not of Father John's creed, I have the firmest belief in his sincerity and disinterestedness. No such luck! Father John is the most cheerful, not to say boisterous of hosts. Lifting his head as he drew near (his biretta had still the rollicking perch), he saw me dismounting, and hurrying up, almost shook my hand off, bellowing at the same time for Donal to come and put up the horse. I must be tired after my ride. Would I come in and rest? No? Perhaps I'd like to have a look at the demesne while Biddy was getting tea ready.

"And how are all the good people at Glencoonoge?" asked

Father John, as we strolled across the heathy ground of his unfenced holding. "It was only last Sunday that I was there; but I come so late and have to leave so early to get back over the mountain before dark, that I have hardly enough time for my duties, and none at all for civilities. All well? I'm glad to hear of it."

"Perhaps I ought not to say 'all;' there's one important exception who doesn't appear to be at all in a happy frame of mind." Father John looked concerned and curious at the same time. "The rector," I continued, "you don't ask after him."

"Oh the poor man!" laughed Father John. "What's the matter with him?"

"Well, he is put out with things in general."

Father John roared with laughter. "Sure, when did you ever know him to be anything else? I'll engage he's been talking about me again? You needn't tell me, I see he has. And I'll undertake to say he told you no good of me. Will you believe it that though we've been here neighbours together, as you may say, for the last nine years, not so much as a word or even a nod has ever passed between us, notwithstanding that we frequently meet; and I declare 'tis no fault of mine. I was friendly enough with the man in his place before him, and had every intention to be so with him; but he held me at arm's length from the beginning. And so—oh dear, oh dear!" and Father John held his sides while he doubled himself up with laughter, "he's been talking about me again. Now I'd give anything in the wide world to know what he said," and Father John's dancing eyes looked at me full of inquiry.

"He is very sore about you're having stolen one of his sheep; that is to say——"

"Ah!" said Father John quickly, with bated breath; "he means Miss Johnson at the inn. But—stole her! If a poor sheep comes to you torn and bleeding and all astray, bleating for hunger, are you to give her no shelter or food? If he is her shepherd she will know his voice and hear his call. But the book-keeper refuses to have anything to say to the Reverend Mr. Fleming; apparently considers herself at home in her present fold, and intends to remain in it. Ah, look there now! Do you know that man has been saying right and left that in this matter I have been led by a spirit of vindictiveness, and

that he has for years foreseen that some day I would take my revenge on account of his refusal to recognize me ; the fretful poor creature ! What a life he must lead brooding over such trifles ! But what else has he to do ? Egad, I wish he had a taste of *my* life for a month. Two Masses of a Sunday in two churches nine miles apart, and a steep mountain between them and all fasting : stations to be held four times a year at Glencoonoge and at other outlying points of the parish, to say nothing of weekly confessions at my own church below there, and to go to sick calls anywhere at any time in a widely extended and mountainous parish, sometimes to be called up out of his bed to do it. Let his parishioners likewise be, in the majority of cases, too poor to pay their dues, and let him have to eke out his living with his own hands after the manner of St. Paul himself. Let him get what profit he can out of some acres of rocky ground, and have the cares of a cow and a few pigs and poultry on his hands, with none but a poor lad like Donal yonder to look after them, and I'll engage he won't have much time to make himself miserable about trifles, or about anything else for the matter of that. Bear malice ! nurse revenge ! I haven't the time for it even if it were lawful."

"But I'm told," he continued, "that the rector is at logger-heads with every one down there, with his own parishioners, and even with the great landowners of his neighbourhood, and they of his own religion ! Now with me they are hand-in-glove. 'Where's that jolly parish priest ?' Lord Lisheen always asks when he comes to the cottage. There's nothing I'd ask for myself that he wouldn't give me. He's my landlord and I couldn't desire a better. From where you stand, to a little way on the other side of that hill of which you see the top, bound by the road on one side and by that stream on the other, I have the use, for nothing, of between two and three hundred acres in all. To be sure 'tis good for little, much of it mere rock, but it pastures the cow and the horse. Yes," he went on, following my look as I turned to survey the back of his dwelling-house, "'tis a rambling, tumbledown old place. When my new church at Glencoonoge is built, I'll begin to think about building a proper priest's house. But this does well enough for the present. Won't you come in ?"

Father John's sitting-room was a rough and ready place. A big crucifix was on the chimney-piece, where, too, were the rarely used pen and ink, and sundry letters and stray papers.

A small book-case, a table, some wooden chairs, and one, his favourite, with a high back all round it and ledges for the arms, in which, secure from draughts, Father John was wont to doze over his *Nation*, completed the furniture of the room.

"Is that Donal holding your horse?" cried Father John, springing to the window. "The young jackass, why doesn't he take him round to the stable?" and throwing up the window, he called out to Donal in no very measured terms, who hurriedly disappeared round to the back, leading the horse.

"A willing boy," says Father John approvingly, as he shuts down the window, "and a hard working: looks after the stables and the cow, washes down the car and catches the horse when he's wanted; and that same's no joke; for 'Dreamer'—that's the name I've given him, he's such a sleepy horse—has a bad habit of straying out of bounds, as we used to call it at collége," and off he launched while Bidley was laying the cloth, into some story of his college days twenty years ago, told with as much zest and eagerness as if it had happened yesterday.

Father John was eminently good company, and I did not wonder that old Lord Lisheen, whose wealth is enormous, and who has exhausted nearly every pleasure in life, should have found Father John's society refreshing. He had a thousand good stories to tell, sometimes witty, sometimes pathetic, not seldom old—to tell the truth; and the slightest suggestion sufficed to set his eyes sparkling with a new set of recollections. With great gusto he related how, by a simple question put with the most artless air in the world, he had got the better of the Bishop's chaplain—"and he sitting in state in the Bishop's carriage beside his lordship, so trim and dignified, you'd almost have thought that he was the Bishop himself." That story had been often rehearsed, and Father John would repeat the points a second and a third time, and laugh on each occasion with undiminished relish. Then there was the witty answer of Tim Mahoney to the agent—"think of that now for a poor, low-born peasant, a man that if he can read and write can do little more. Oh, the wealth of genius that is locked up in these mountains and glens and valleys! The ready wit, the natural fertility of the intelligence of these people continues to astonish me, though I know them now so well. I'm told you've nothing like it in England. I'm told your peasantry there are poor, neglected, dull clods, a little better off in a material sense, but not much; and that as for their intellectual and moral con-

dition, that it is deplorable ; and altogether that they are but a little raised above the brute beasts of the field—you shake your head? you won't admit it?—well, well! 'tis but natural! I'm not pleased myself when I hear my own people criticized, and even such faults as they possess referred to by strangers, or for the matter of that, by any one, but myself. And mind, I only say what I've been told ; and your own countrymen have told it me. For myself, I've never yet been in your country, though some day I hope to have that pleasure. But, without presuming to say anything further in depreciation of England, I will say this of my own people : that though education may improve their manners, extend their knowledge, and cause them to make a better figure in the world, it can hardly make them more honest than they are, more pure in their lives, more full of a generous warmth of feeling, ready to well up in a moment to those who know where its springs are : nor can it give them more than they have of that instinctive delicacy of feeling which, in my opinion, it is the highest achievement of education to bestow, and which is to be found here growing wild in some of those who have never had a particle of what is commonly called education in their lives."

With this Father John proceeded to give an account of the loss by a widow, lately, of her only son, and of the circumstances preceding and following that event—a heart-rending story, which, though its precise bearing on his remarks was not obvious, "perhaps it was not intended to have any such bearing," showed at least Father John's sympathy with the sufferings of his parishioners, explained one of the secrets of his influence over his people, and illustrated by comparison with his previous high spirits, his many-sidedness and his power to appreciate both the lights and the shadows that fluctuated over the chequered little world to which he ministered.

He was still speaking, when Biddy opened the door, and putting in her head, said that Miss Johnson wished for a few minutes' conversation with him.

"Miss Johnson!" cried the priest, astonished. "Do you mean the book-keeper from Glencoönoge? Why, how in the world did she get here?"

"Sure, on her legs, I suppose."

"But she can't have walked all that way. Isn't there a car, or a horse, or something with her?"

"Divil a——ne'er a one of either, your Reverence," replied

Biddy, with difficulty suppressing a short cough. "May be she got a lift on the road—anyway, she's here waiting to see your Reverence."

"Well, show her into my study. Say I'll be with her directly, and be quick and get ready some fresh tea. You'll excuse me, I know," he added, turning to me as Biddy shut the door. "I won't be long, and if I am, you'll find mayhap a book among those beyond to keep you company."

"Don't hurry on my account, Father John. I'll take another stroll about your demesne; or let me say good-bye now. I'll saddle my horse and get home before dusk."

"What! Is it desert a lone mountain priest so early? Besides, how do you know you may not have to act as escort? Egad, I'd not take my oath but 'twas after you Miss Johnson came, and not to see me at all."

"She did not know I was coming," said I, for the moment mistaking his *badinage*. "I didn't know myself when I started." I was glad that Father John, by slamming the door to after his last words, had missed my stupid seriousness.

Drawing Father John's big chair nearer the fire I ensconced myself therein. Its soothing effects almost immediately began to work. By imperceptible stages I fell into a doze, and from a doze into a sound sleep; out of which I was startled all of a sudden by a vigorous shake from Father John. At the doorway of the room stood the book-keeper in her familiar hat and cloak.

"Wake up, wake up," cried the priest in stentorian tones; "you have a duty to perform, sir, a fair young lady to see back over the mountain. I'm loth to let ye go, but you must depart at once or the night will overtake you, and you may not be able to find your way. Has Donal got the horse yet?" he called to Biddy, who was bringing in a cup of tea for Miss Johnson.

"Oh dear!" cried the latter. "I had no idea it was so far, or I would never have come."

"You did quite right to come, Miss Johnson," answered the priest.

"At least, my mind is easier," the book-keeper rejoined.

"That's well," replied Father John. "Don't worry yourself now; there is no reason whatever why you should. Mr. Shipley, you'll have to leave 'Captain' here to-night, and drive my car for this lady. I'd send Donal, but you can do

very well without him. Has that boy found the horse yet?"

"It may be an hour before he'd find him," was Biddy's disheartening reply. But Biddy was given to looking at the worst side of things. Donal had already caught 'Dreamer,' harnessed and put him to the car, and presently appeared, leading both to the front. Father John was most anxious we should start at once, and came out to speed us on our way.

"Perhaps you'll have the kindness," he said when we were ready, "to ask Mrs. Ennis to have the horse and car sent back to me some time to-morrow. Whoever brings the car can ride 'Captain' home. Start off now; you have only an hour's daylight. It won't be enough, but get as far on the way as you can, and God speed ye."

The evening was mild and still. Small white clouds were high up in air with a pale blue sky for a background. The hills waved around and before us, so bare of trees on this northern side of the mountain, that there were no leafless branches here to proclaim that the year had reached the early stage of winter.

"You do not often have such stretches of dry weather as we have had these last few weeks?" said I, after we had driven some way in silence.

"It is generally like this," she answered, "till after Christmas. Some of the young men would like it to be colder. They want skating, but I don't know where they expect to get it; the rivers are too rapid to freeze."

"There are small lakes up in the mountains."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I will show you one when we get up higher."

"Are you sure you are taking the right turn?"

"Oh yes! That one leads to the old disused road over the mountain, by which, I suppose, you came?"

"No, I took the coach road."

"Do you know you have walked at least twelve miles?"

"I did not walk all the way, but I wondered at its being so long. I had heard it was but nine miles to Father Moriarty's."

"By the mountain road, yes. Conn Hoolahan ought to have told you. The short cut by the old road is a wrinkle I had from him. I think the old road when you get near the top of the mountain, is the steepest I ever saw. Imagine its having

been the coach road once. I have read somewhere that travellers had to get out when they got near the top, and assist the efforts of the horses tugging in front by pushing the vehicle from behind; and then in descending, the horses had to be led step by step, and the difficulty was to put on drag enough. That must have been a hap-hazard reckless old time. Old Matt Dwyer remembers it well. Have you ever heard him speak of it?"

"Never."

"It is worth while to get the old fellow on his experiences. Talking about that very road he has said to me more than once, 'Many's the time, sir, I've helped to push the coach, and that I've hung on behind and it going down, when I was a lad. Them were times worth livin' in, just after Emancipation. Between that and Repale it was that the new road was made. I worked on it myself and 'tis a good road. But 'tis a tame way o' travellin' entirely. You might go from one end of it to the other and come to no grief; no variation, no adventure about it, not a bit in the world. 'Gad, then, if I were a young man I'd keep to th'old road.'"

"Father Moriarty's horse finds even this ascent difficult enough. Look how he is straining!"

To lighten the car I got down, and walked by the side till we reached the summit, where we halted for a few moments to rest the horse, and look around at the endless vista of mountain-tops and ridges.

"How lovely the fading of the sunset is!" remarked the book-keeper.

"I wish we could have been here earlier," I said. "I like to watch the sun approach the edge of those hills, then touch and gradually sink behind them, and to see the golden light that flames along the summits, and the blue shade that comes out upon their rocky sides."

"Ah, you have been up here before. Conn Hoolahan is always talking just in that way; and watching the sunset one night from the high ground behind the inn, I saw for the first time what he meant. He says he learnt from you to see these things."

"Conn is a very teachable fellow, and knows more things than I can tell him of." We had started again and were now going along the level road at a spanking rate. "I often wonder how Conn came by his knowledge," I went on, "and his various

tastes. He has a passion for botany, and an acquaintance with it that is surprising under the circumstances. And these stones and rocks are not things with no significance to him. He is a wholesome happy-minded youth to whom nothing comes amiss—neither games, nor feats of strength or agility, not even the mild excitement of a country walk which to him is full of pleasure hidden to most eyes. We have been companions on many such."

"Lately?"

"No, confound him! I don't know what has come over the fellow. I never saw any one so changed. He mopes for all the world as if he were in the pangs of unrequited love, and if that is so, I am sorry for him; because having got to his present age without any experience of the kind, I fear he must be having a bad time of it. Pity he wasn't stricken earlier—when he was in his teens say—he might have been proof against the tender passion now, and lived happily ever afterwards."

"He was not always susceptible then?" asked the book-keeper, laughing.

"Oh dear no! Always ridiculed the idea; never seemed to be able to understand it. Look! there is the lake I told you of, right on the top of the mountain, where they skate. It is in a good position for freezing, is it not?"

"How is it possible to get up there?"

"Easy enough to any one who knows the path. You could get there easily on a pony, always supposing you had a guide. You know little of this neighbourhood? It is worth being well acquainted with. And when you *do* commence to learn its variety, let me recommend an afternoon's ride to Ballyford Hill. It is a height some miles beyond that ridge. We can't see it from here, but from its top you will see the sun go down into the Atlantic. I know of no grander sight on a night like this; and over the sea you get the long twilight; while here, these mountains with their shadows make the valleys dark too suddenly. Look down there towards Glencoonoge. It is quite black."

"Please press on. Oh dear, oh dear! what an escapade! How could I run myself into such a difficulty!"

"We are a good way from the village yet. We shall not get there till long after dark, and yet I don't know; perhaps it will not be dark to-night. The sky is clear, and look at that light yonder in the east."

"Some bonfire on the hill-top, I should think."

"No, it is the moon getting up. There will be light enough."

"Still, hurry on. Mrs. Ennis will be anxious."

This idea gained more strongly on the book-keeper the nearer we reached home. At length we had completed the descent, and were in the level road that runs straight as far as the chapel, and thence bending at right angles continues its course through the village to the inn. But before we reached the chapel we became aware of a distant hum somewhere far off in the air; and it grew louder and nearer as if it were approaching us, or we to it. It was soon evident that the noise was advancing, for as we got nearer it became distinctly a roar of many human voices, not cheering, not shouting, but volubly talking all at the same time. A body of people was evidently coming in our direction and might at any moment be upon us.

What should we do? Retreat, stand aside, or go forward? Curiosity hurried us on until we came to where the chapel stands, and where, as I have said, the road making a sudden bend runs straight into Glencoonoge. Our view becoming suddenly enlarged, revealed some alarming appearances. Nearly all in the crowd were carrying torches, the light from which showed up many an excited face with rapidly moving mouth and eager gesture.

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed Miss Johnson, startled.

I did not answer at once, otherwise than by turning the horse off the road to the far corner of the triangular bit of green which fronted the chapel. To attempt to proceed would be useless—might be dangerous. But the long branches of the beech under which I now reined up the stumbling horse would throw us in deeper shade, nearly leafless though the branches were, and make us invisible as the rioters passed by, blinded, as they would be, by the light of their own torches.

A few yards ahead of where we were standing the road from Ballyford runs into the Glencoonoge road; and at the point where the two roads meet, a voice that I thought I knew cried, "Halt!" The word was instantly trumpeted from a dozen other throats. I think the book-keeper's eyes and mine must have fallen on a familiar figure at the same instant; for a low cry escaped her at the very moment that a thrill of terror passed through me at sight of Conn Hoolahan among the

foremost, his face full of pale determination and suppressed excitement. The crowd, arrested in its progress by those in front, became at once silent, and the silence was maintained until the stragglers from behind had come up and the whole body formed one compact mass. A short parley ensued between the leaders, during which the buzz of conversation began again to strengthen, until a voice cried out:

"Listen, boys!"

"Whisht!" sounded from every mouth; and the crowd being once more hushed, the same voice—it was Conn's—began again speaking rapidly and excitedly, and making a short sharp pause between every few words.

"Divide now into two bodies," he called out, "let one take the Ballyford road and scour the country lying off it. Carry the torch in every hole and corner, and go into every cabin. Don't let a spot escape you, boys. Let the other half follow me along this road. We'll spread ourselves on this side of the country, and then all meet again at Donovan's, and consider what to do next. If we're successful we'll send you word, and you'll do the same by us, if the luck falls to you. Start off now, Dan! let half go with Dan!" Immediately there were loud cries of "Dan" and a rush of men and torches down the Ballyford road. "Come along!" cried Conn, to the remainder, and raising his torch he led the way in our direction, followed by his band of incendiaries.

"Help me down!" cried the book-keeper. "If no one else will interfere, I will throw myself before them and entreat them to desist from their dreadful purpose, whatever it may be."

"Stay where you are," said I, roused by her implied reproof, and gathering together my senses out of the state of bewilderment in which I was. "These men are desperate, and at a moment like this they will respect nothing. What can a weak woman or one man do to prevent them?"

But finding that the book-keeper only began to struggle to get down without my assistance, I assured her that if she would be quiet, I would accost the misguided men; and going out into the road I caught Conn by the arm just as he was passing where we stood.

"Conn! what is all this?" I said fiercely, "what are you doing?"

Conn raised his torch above his head, and peered at me from under it.

"'Tis Mr. Shipley!" cried he to the rest who began to surround us. "Oh, sir! have you seen anything of Miss Johnson? Something surely has happened to her. She has been missing the whole day."

"Miss Johnson is quite safe," said I. Every one held his breath. "That is," I went on, "she was five minutes ago, but you men with your torches and your noise have frightened her out of her wits, and I shouldn't wonder if she's in a dead faint by this time."

"Where in the name of wondher——?"

"There," I answered, pointing to the shade where the figure of the white horse loomed dimly; but the book-keeper in her cloak was barely visible.

A burst of astonishment broke from the crowd. But all Conn's eagerness and fire suddenly deserted him. He seemed hardly to have power of speech, and could only say falteringly, "We feared you had been lost, Miss, and so came out to look for you. Mrs. Ennis is dead with fright."

"'Tis Father John's horse," said several voices.

"And his car likewise," said several more.

"And I've left 'Captain' in the priest's stable," said I, getting up again. "You, Conn, or somebody, will have to go across in the car and fetch him back to-morrow. Meanwhile, jump up and we'll drive to the inn, and put Mrs. Ennis out of her trouble."

Several of the younger boys, full of the excitement, disappointed at its having been cut short so suddenly, and anxious to prolong it as much as possible, ran on ahead with their torches, and were at the inn before our arrival. The road by which we passed was full of people; you would not have thought the neighbourhood contained so many. The whole village was out; the cabins scattered among the hills had emptied themselves, and the huts skirting the beach had contributed their quota of old men, gossiping women with children in their arms, and lumbering fishermen arrived too late to join the search party. Groups thus composed lined our route homewards, and were severally joined by one or other of the returning searchers, whose torches by the time we reached the inn dotted the road at intervals for half a mile back. The news had travelled on before us. Mrs. Ennis was on the doorstep as we drove up.

"So you've come back safe and sound! Well I never!

If you haven't given me a turn! Where did they find you at all?"

Half a dozen voices at once gave out all their owners knew about the finding of the book-keeper.

"And what has become of Dan and his party?"

Dan and his party had been clean forgotten. The reproach fell of course on Conn, as leader of the expedition. With a quick gesture of self-accusation he unyoked Father John's horse, and throwing himself on its bare back galloped towards the Ballyford road.

"Was there ever such a scatter-brain!" exclaimed Mrs. Ennis as he disappeared, "and I declare here's Miss Johnson looking after him as if she thought him a fine fellow. Oh! well now! you needn't toss your head, but come in and tell me what it's all about. Mr. Shipley, Mr. Shipley, you're at the bottom of it, I believe."

"Was there ever so much fuss about such a trifle!" cried the book-keeper, fairly vexed. "I wanted to consult Father Moriarty, and went out to where he lives. I thought it was nine miles, and now Mr. Shipley says it is twelve; that is why I am so late."

"To consult Father Moriarty! Sure, wasn't he at the chapel last Sunday, and won't he be there again next? However, if you were so pressing to see him, why didn't you say so? You might have had a car and welcome, and Conn to drive you, for the matter of that. I'll engage it was Conn told you it was only nine miles?"

But the book-keeper was already half-way upstairs to take her things off, and didn't hear, no doubt.

"I declare Conn gets more good-for-nothing every day," continued Mrs. Ennis; "and as for Miss Johnson, something's gone wrong with her entirely. She's not been herself at all of late—something on her mind, I believe. Well, I hope Mr. Moriarty done her good, that's all; and between ourselves I shouldn't wonder. She seemed brighter, I thought, as she jumped off the car, for all she's vexed now. She actually kissed me, a thing she never done before."

"She was cheerful enough as we drove home, and only uneasy because she was afraid you would be anxious."

"And a nice fright I got. I thought of all sorts of things; in fact, I didn't know what to think. My heart's going pit-a-pat still, and look at my hands how they're trembling. Ah! dear!

Young people are queer things now-a-days. I don't profess to understand them, and that's the truth."

After dinner I lit my pipe, and strolled out as I often did on mild nights. Everything was very still; not the least trace now of the late hubbub. The road was quite deserted. The moon was up, and its light made weird the islands, the forests, the wooded shores, and distant hills. The tide was in, and the water licked the sides of the embankment along which I paced slowly, intending to rest at the book-keeper's favourite bench at the extreme end, to sit there for a quiet while, and smoke my pipe in peace. I did not notice till I was close upon it, that the bench was already occupied by some one with elbows on knees, and his body bent forward, his head resting between his hands. The person might have been either in some distress or asleep. I hesitated to disturb him, but wished that he had chosen any other spot to hide himself away in, on that particular occasion. While I stood trying to make out who it was, Conn Hoolahan lifted up his face. What was it there on which the moonlight glistened? Without speaking I sat down on the bench, and tried to meet his eyes, but he turned them away.

"You have got back then, Conn? I hope you were able to stop the others before they had dispersed themselves?"

"Oh, never fear, sir." There was a forced cheeriness in his answer, which was immediately followed by a suppressed sigh. I smoked on, wondering, and then noticing that he was not similarly engaged, I offered him my tobacco-pouch.

"Ah, no, sir!" was his only answer, as he kept his face turned away. When he would not smoke I knew that something had gone wrong. Suddenly he turned upon me and in a low eager voice, quite different to his former tone, said:

"Do you know, sir, why Miss Johnson went to the priest to-day?"

"No," I said, much interested. "Why did she go?"

Conn heaved a sigh, this time an unmistakeable sigh, and shook his head, saying: "That's what I'd give anything to find out."

I began to rack my brains, which was what he had been doing for some time.

"She didn't say anything," he began again presently, "that would give the impression that she was tired of being here, or

unhappy, or—or vexed, or anything of that kind? Mayhap she was asking Father John to get her some other place?"

"I couldn't say at all. I havn't the least idea."

Conn shook his head.

"It was a great relief to me to find it was to Father John's she went, and not away out of this entirely. I never told you before, sir, but I'm fond of the book-keeper till I'm well-nigh silly. I don't know how it began, but it has been growing this long time, until now she's the end and object of every wish and every thought of my life, and of my life itself, for that matter, and I don't know how it is possible I can live without her."

Conn stopped, beat his foot softly on the ground, and presently resumed, with eagerness:

"Sometimes, I thought I could detect a kindness in her eyes, and something tender in her voice—sure, the smile alone of her is enough to make a man think he was in Heaven! I've been at the weddin' of many a younger boy than I, and I did be wondering how it came about at all, for I was never drawn that way. I never seen the girl I'd care for until she come here, and then by degrees it came into my head how—perhaps—och! no matter what I thought! It was all folly. All my hopes are gone, just like a sunny cloud that's blown away clean out of sight entirely."

He stopped awhile, and then went on again.

"I was a fool to think she would ever look at me. If I had had any sense at all, I might have known that she was fit for something better than to be the wife of any man she can meet with in these parts. But still an' all, wishing so much as I did made arguing impossible; and one time confident, at another all in despair, I still grew fonder of her every day. One evening, shortly before you came, she went out of the hall-door, and followed the garden path that runs along the house-wall. I stood looking after her, thinking how beautiful she was, how glossy her hair lay on her milky neck, and watching the wave of her skirt, and the flash of her feet as she moved along. Then, as she turned, the corner of the house snatched her from my eyes; and as I must needs see her, if only afar off, I followed; but was only in time to see her disappearing at another bend in the path uphill. And as still more I must needs see her, I followed on afraid, hesitating, yet drawn in spite of myself. And so from path to path, and ledge to ledge, and up the hill till the

woods beneath us quite shut out the inn and every sign of house and home, and there was nothing over us but the quiet sky, and none near us but each other. Then a mad boldness took hold of me and carried me swiftly to her side, and then—reckless fool that I was—I told her all I had been thinking about for days and months, by day and night, and I asked her to be my wife. You could see it had never entered her own mind at all. Her face coloured up, her eye flashed angrily. From head to foot she looked at me with scorn, as if she would say, 'Who are you that dares to speak to me like that?' But the only words that came from her were low and trembling. 'Never,' she said, 'never say such words to me again,' and with that she turned and hurried down the hill; while I stood rooted to the spot, hardly able to believe that I had said what I had said, and put all my hopes to flight for ever.

"Well, to make a long story short, I was very down-hearted about it entirely, till one day I caught her eyes on me, and there was no anger in them, but the same sweetness that had first put heart in me. And now, do what I would, mad new hopes shot up in me, like young crocuses in spring peeping up out of the earth in which they were buried. And then, do you remember, sir, the night you came, and what you said about the fish in the sea, and there being as good in it as ever came out? Ah, no, sir! no, sir, there are not. 'But,' says I to myself, 'I'll try and make her think so if I can, and I'll be light-hearted and gay; laugh, joke, and be as merry and indifferent as may be. And I'll act as if she weren't there at all.' But what's the use o' strivin' to be careless when you know you're thinking of nothing else all the time? Do you suppose she couldn't see through it all? Sure, she had only to call me and ask me to do something for her, and away was I flying to do her bidding in a minute. She had only to hint the faintest wish, and I was more than ready to break my neck to please her, and only glad of the chance. Sure, she sees I'm hoping still, and she thinks I'll not leave her alone. When the hours went by to-day, and she didn't come back, and we began to get uneasy, 'What,' says I to myself, 'if she should be gone away for good an' all?' Oh," cried Conn, lifting up his hands, "only think what that would mean! Think of the light gone out of the day entirely, and everything dreary and wretched. No, no! I'll vex her no more, if only she'll stay here. Life is still pleasant if only I can

see her, know she is near, and hear her voice. I'll act like the rest, and cast no look and speak no word by which she may know how much I love her."

Conn seemed to listen to his words when they had left him, to weigh them as they re-echoed in his mind, and nodding his head silently, to be satisfied with his decision. For my part, startled by the unforeseen and unsuspected influence of the words which Conn reminded me I had used on the first night of my coming, I feared to speak—ready enough though I was to express sympathy, and to encourage him again; for to do either recklessly might put him to fresh pain, by raising hopes not destined to be fulfilled; and might tarnish the modesty which adorned his love, like the bloom on a flower's petals, which a touch or too warm a breath may spoil. So, making no comment on what he had said, I led him on to talk further of her of whom his mind and heart were full. It was a subject upon which Conn could, no doubt, have been eloquent for hours. There, on that bench, while the water lapped the stones of the embankment, and the moonlight streamed on islands, lake, and wooded shores, and on the distant hills, Conn, waxing more voluble as he went on, enlarged on the perfections of the book-keeper, her eyes, her smile, her hair, her walk, and her accomplishments. The ease and rapidity of her penmanship, for instance, filled the young man with silent wonder as he watched it (when Conn himself wrote, which was not often, he put his head on one side, made preliminary circles with his pen, and when he *did* begin, formed his letters large and slowly); and words altogether failed him in the attempt to describe to his own satisfaction the celerity of her "adding up of whole columns of accounts, fast enough to take away the breath of any man. No putting down of strokes," explained Conn, shaking his head, mindful of his own method, "no putting down of strokes and counting them up one by one—no, no, none of that." Then there was the beauty of her accent, to which Conn said he was never tired of listening—a practice which, it seemed to me, had, thanks to his quick ear, modified to some extent the roughness of his brogue. If the book-keeper had had the good fortune to be courted by any of the wealthy young tourists who in the summer-time passed through Glencoonoge, these excellences of hers would probably have passed unnoticed, or at least would have received a much smaller meed of admiration than Conn Hoolahan bestowed upon them. Yet, after making all allowances

for his lover-like exaggeration, it was still true that there was about the book-keeper a certain superiority, to have fallen in love with which spoke well, I thought, for the native good judgment of the young peasant. I asked whether the book-keeper had any friends.

"No, sir, neither father nor mother, sister nor brother—not a friend in the world."

"Nor money?"

"She has nothing, sir; nothing but what she gets as book-keeper of this inn."

It was clear that there was no cupidity in Conn's affection for this orphan, thrown in early womanhood upon her own resources, without a relation in the world, and as poor as himself.

"Oh!" I cried, rather impatiently, as we simultaneously rose from the bench and sauntered towards the inn, which it was Conn's office to shut up, and which had now remained open long after the usual hour, "you mustn't despair, Conn, you're not the first man that has been refused, and been accepted at last. Cheer up, and hope for the best."

"No, sir; no," said Conn, with quiet determination, and holding up one hand by way of deprecation. "I'll think of it no more. 'Tis better to watch from the ground the lovely bird in the branch out of reach, and listen to its song, than in trying to catch it, frighten it away to other woods, out of sound and out of sight."

Reviews.

I.—OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE.¹

A CONTRIBUTION from the pen of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore would be sure of a welcome if only out of respect for the august quality of the writer. But *Our Christian Heritage* has no need to rely on this recommendation. For all its modest pretensions, it reflects the ability for which His Eminence is noted throughout the States. The object of the book is to bring home to the minds of men the priceless worth of the Christian heritage which has been transmitted to them from preceding generations, to cause them to realize in some measure the sound intellectual foundations on which it rests and the great moral benefits it has bestowed upon the world, and again to enable them to vindicate it against the most ordinary of the current objections which are popularly believed to be forcible. The writer avoids all such controversies as divide Christians among themselves, and deals only with the opposition between Christianity comprehensively understood and modern infidelity. Even within this limitation, he seeks to be as little polemical as possible, and refrains carefully from every expression which could by any possibility give offence to a reader of opposite views.

A glance at the table of contents will at once show what is the ground covered. We may divide it into four parts. Of these the first deals with the Origin of the World, the Existence, Omnipresence, and Providence of God, the Freedom of the Will, the Immortality of the Soul, the Reasonableness of Eternal Punishment. All these, it may be noticed, are matters which concern Natural Theology, and can be determined independently of revelation. The second part, according to our assignment, deals with the Divinity of the Christian religion and its various attestations. The third considers the results which this religion has wrought in the world, and contrasts them with the fruits

¹ *Our Christian Heritage*. By James, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co., 1889.

of Paganism, ancient and modern. The concluding portion discusses certain modern social problems, particularly the dignity, rights, and duties of the labouring classes, and the dangers threatening American civilization.

We may refer particularly to the chapter entitled, "Objections against Prayer," as an illustration of the excellency of this treatment, and it will be interesting, though painfully interesting, to English readers to learn that the death of President Garfield, notwithstanding the numerous and fervent prayers offered up for his recovery by congregations, cities, and states, caused a large number of Americans to doubt the efficacy of prayer and to renounce its practice. The Cardinal, after pointing out the absurdity of expecting God to respond to all our prayers in the exact way we propose to Him, and the necessity of distinguishing between direct and indirect answers, catalogues with great effect the clear benefits which resulted from the prolongation of the President's life, and which may be fairly taken as the indirect answer rendered to all those supplications. God saved the peace of the nation, which was at the time in great danger; He prolonged the life till the earlier excitement which sought to attribute the assassination to a whole party had subsided; He inspired the nation with a deeper abhorrence of assassination and a deeper reverence for its Chief Magistrate; and finally He developed a nobler and healthier sentiment of patriotism and love of country.

The Cardinal modestly anticipates that his treatment of these numerous topics may by some be found wanting in fulness and clearness; but the marvel is that he should have been able to condense so much into a small space, and yet put it so clearly. Undoubtedly, readers of a highly educated class who have devoted special study to the modern attacks on the truths here handled, would desiderate a great deal more than they will find here. But then it is not for them that the book is written. It is intended as a manual for the majority of readers in this bustling age who "profess to have no leisure and certainly evince no inclination to peruse bulky volumes, no matter how superior their merit may be." It would be a great mistake to discuss with such people difficulties they have never felt, and could not appreciate. What they do feel, and need help to solve, are a rougher class of objections, which agnostic scholars would perhaps despise and disavow, but which are fearfully influential among the multitude who take their teaching from the

Bradlaugh and the Ingersolls. Estimated according to the exigencies of this its professed purpose, *Our Christian Heritage* seems likely to prove a valuable addition to our apologetic literature, with its clear and solid instruction on so many important topics, and its bright and pleasant style.

2.—THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.¹

Catholic University Education in Ireland is fortunate in having so clear-sighted and able a champion as the present Archbishop of Dublin. The two public addresses lately published by His Grace are eminently calculated to give to any one who studies the question from outside as good a notion of the existing state of things as it is possible for one to have, who has not lived in the country and become acquainted with the existing Catholic disabilities from his own personal experience. The first of these addresses deals with the failure of Trinity and the Queen's Colleges as places of the higher training for Catholics, pointing out plainly and decisively the evils and the dangers of a secularized education, and dwelling on the complete breakdown of the Queen's Colleges of Galway and Cork in their attempt to attract students, or to compete with the unendowed Catholic Colleges in the examinations of the Royal University. In the second address, which was delivered at Blackrock College, after recapitulating the conclusions of his previous address and quoting the felicitous phrase of Dr. Moriarty in reference to mixed education, that "*The shortest rule of faith would invariably become the common denominator*," the Archbishop proceeds to lay down what is the attitude towards any future proposals to be made by the English Government, which Irish Catholics must assume.

This is the most interesting part of these most interesting addresses. There is no mistaking what the Archbishop means. He tells us clearly enough that within the lines of the three propositions which Mr. Balfour has laid down as the principles on which any scheme of University Education for Catholics is to be based, it is quite possible to frame a measure which will substantially meet with the requirements of the case. These principles, as our readers will remember, are (1) the non-

¹ *The Irish University Question.* Addresses delivered by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1890.

endowment of any theological chairs ; (2) the enforcement of a conscience clause and (3) the establishment, not of a Catholic University, but of a Catholic College "well and thoroughly equipped." Archbishop Walsh is ready to admit each and all of these, so long as even-handed justice is dealt out and Protestants and Catholics are treated alike. He is willing to forego all endowments for theology on the condition that if in a Catholic College there are to be no paid professors of theology, so there should be in common fairness no paid professors in a Protestant College, and the theological chairs in the Scottish Universities should be consequently disendowed. As to a conscience clause, if fairly enforced, it presents no difficulties to Catholics, for it obtains at present in all Intermediate Schools, and practically at all Catholic University Colleges.

These, however, are matters of subordinate importance to the question of a Catholic College as distinguished from a Catholic University. The Archbishop is quite willing to forego the idea of a Catholic University, but the College must be a real University College, on an equality with non-Catholic Colleges in its University status and privileges. If we are to have a Catholic College in Dublin, it ought (argues His Grace) to be co-ordinate with Trinity College, and have a claim to form one of the subordinate Colleges sheltered under the University of Dublin. At present Trinity College has a most unfair monopoly of this University, which was intended by its founders to be a National University, and which was expressly designed by those who passed the Catholic Relief Act to include some Catholic College or Colleges as well. For in that Act is a provision enabling Catholics to hold a Professorship or Fellowship in any College to be hereafter founded, "*provided that such College shall be a member of the University of Dublin*," clearly showing that they took the true view of Trinity as merely one of a number of Colleges to be gathered under the common University.

This is the programme that the Archbishop sketches out as the only one that can really give equality to Catholics, and as the only one that can ever satisfy Catholic Ireland. It may be that some provisional step in the same direction will anticipate the final solution of the question, but nothing else than a National University, of which Trinity College shall be merely a subordinate institution, side by side with a Catholic College, enjoying equal rights with it, can ever be the ultimate goal of Catholic aspirations.

We hope that all who are interested in this subject will read these pronouncements of the prelate who is leader and guide of Catholic Ireland in this important struggle. There are indeed other questions connected with the welfare of Ireland which press themselves with greater force on the attention of English statesmen at the present moment, but there is none which is really more vital to the future of the country, and not only to its intellectual future and to its higher training, but also even to those material and social needs which future generations of statesmen will be called upon to supply.

3.—SALVAGE FROM THE WRECK.¹

Father Gallwey has been very well advised in reprinting collectively his funeral sermons. Nothing is more fugitive than a funeral sermon, but this collection of sermons of that character which Father Gallwey has made will certainly live. *Salvage from the Wreck* is an expressive title, and Father Gallwey has done his best thus to preserve for us some memorials of several of the most admirable laymen and women of our time. A "wreck" indeed it is by which we lose our knowledge of the lives of those who have gone before us, and "salvage" such as this is precious, and, glad as we are to have it, we should have been still more grateful if it had been even fuller and more copious than it is. The sermons as sermons are striking and often very original, or they would not be Father Gallwey's; but it is hardly on their account in the main that we welcome the volume. They vary greatly in character, from the exclusively controversial sermon on Mr. Middleton of Stockeld, to sermons that are largely—none are exclusively—biographical, as those on Lady Lothian, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and Lady Herries. The sermons are interesting and instructive, and very welcome in their new shape; but nothing is plainer than that Father Gallwey was not so much intent on reprinting his sermons as on rescuing from the wreck of oblivion the "memories of friends departed," whom he has been privileged intimately to know, and over whose graves he has been asked to speak. Several of these sermons are now followed by an Appendix, in which charming biographical details have been collected together; and the whole

¹ *Salvage from the Wreck: A few Memories of Friends Departed, preserved in Funeral Discourses.* By Father Gallwey, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

is preceded by an Introduction, in which many more are related. In addition, there are no less than eighteen photographs, which of themselves form an excellent *souvenir* of these admirable Catholics, who comparatively recently have passed from among us. Amongst the most pleasing of these photographs is the singularly sweet face of Mary Weld, a Nun of the Visitation, whose name in Religion was Sister Mary Sales. This is from a picture representing her at the time of her profession, and another photograph gives us the face, with its sweetness unchanged, of the same Religious sixty years later. Mother Mary Sales died in 1861 in her eighty-first year, having governed her convent at different times during twenty-four years, and having lived under the authority of her younger sister and her niece, who were both in their turn Prioresses of that fervent community.

This Miss Mary Weld narrowly missed martyrdom. She was at Liege with her father in 1792, when the spirit of the French Revolution was rampant. She spent much of her time in the churches, and especially in a sanctuary of our Blessed Lady. One of the revolutionary gendarmes watched her, and one day he deliberately raised his carbine and fired at her. The ball passed over her head, and she lived to give herself to God in the long martyrdom of religious life. Father Gallwey describes the way in which she obtained her father's consent to her entering Religion. His hesitation was not surprising, as the community she proposed to join consisted only of two professed and one or two novices. It happened that George the Third was staying at Weymouth or somewhere near, and Mr. Weld was invited to meet His Majesty at dinner.

When the King saw him arrive, he immediately asked, "Where is my friend, your daughter, Miss Weld?" Mr. Weld was obliged to explain that she had not been invited; but the King insisted that his own carriage must be ordered out, and Mr. Weld must go and fetch her. Mr. Weld therefore went for her. Her preparations were made as quickly as possible, and as she entered the carriage, Miss Weld said to her father: "You know, papa, that one of the first questions which the King will ask me will be when am I going to the convent. Must I still give him the same answer that nothing is decided?" The father, much moved, replied: "Well, my child, you may tell him that I have given my consent." Both father and daughter probably long remembered that dinner party, and she no doubt said many a fervent prayer for the King.

Mr. Weld had seven sons and five daughters, and with his

family around him, he used to receive George the Third on the steps of Lulworth Castle :

And as all the family were musical, they all joined heartily in the National Anthem, "God save the King." This reception used to please the King very much ; and the more he saw of the goodness of the whole family, the more his admiration grew, and more than once he said to Mr. Weld, with tears in his eyes : "What, Mr. Weld, have none of your children turned out badly?" Mr. Weld was able to answer with truth and great gratitude to God : "No, sire, there is not one among them that is not a consolation to me."

This was the Mr. Thomas Weld who gave Stonyhurst to the English Jesuits when they were driven out of Liege. Two of his sons became Jesuits. His eldest son was Cardinal Weld, who when dying was heard to say : "Now I have received all the seven sacraments." Joseph, the second son, became the Squire of Lulworth, and was well known "through the achievements of the *Alarm* and the other yachts which he planned himself and built, and on board of which he loved to take the command." On his last surviving son, Joseph Weld, of Lymington, Father Gallwey preached a funeral sermon ; and it fell to his lot also to preach at the funeral of another grandson of old Mr. Thomas Weld, that zealous client of the English Martyrs, and fervent Catholic, Charles Weld, of Chideock. The details given respecting him by Father Gallwey are very interesting, but he deserves a far fuller and more complete biography, for in this case Father Gallwey has been more scrappy than usual. Those who knew Mr. Charles Weld in Rome five and forty years ago, and especially his friends then in the English College, will remember not only his artistic powers, of the cultivation of which Father Gallwey makes mention, but they will also recollect his ready wit and spirit of fun, to which we see here no allusion. Yet that fun of his was deliberately and intentionally cultivated for the glory of God, as much as any gift or talent that he possessed. One excellent joke of his was made with great readiness. The Jesuits had a house near St. Mary Major's, called St. Eusebio, which was used exclusively for retreats according to the Exercises of St. Ignatius. This house was taken from the Society, and when Charles Weld was told that the Civic Guard had taken possession of St. Eusebio, he instantly answered : "Yes, to be sure ; they want to learn how to make a retreat."

Not less interesting and not less full than Father Gallwey's

account of the Welds, is what he tells of the Hon. Charles Langdale and the family to which he belonged. His father was the sixteenth Lord Stourton, and his mother was the daughter and heiress of the last Catholic Lord Langdale. His mother's cousin left him Houghton and he then took the surname of Langdale; just as his brother, afterwards created a baronet, took the name of Vavasour in inheriting Hazlewood from his godfather, Sir Thomas Vavasour, seventh baronet. Marcia, Lady Herries, of whom Father Gallwey here publishes a funeral sermon, was Mr. Langdale's niece, the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Vavasour.

The account of various members of this favoured family, given in Father Gallwey's pages, is of great interest. The Appendix respecting "the good Lady Stourton" and Sir Edward Vavasour is charming. Here is a *trait* of one of the grand ladies of that time. Lady Stourton, after her husband's death, was living with Sir Edward at Hazlewood.

One of Sir Edward's children still living, remembers how a poor woman, who came in great distress to the Hall, was by Lady Stourton's orders shown up to the breakfast-room, and there by her and Sir Edward compelled to sit down and have a good breakfast with the family. Besides the plentiful alms she distributed round about her house, she had one or two trusted agents in London to find out cases of distress for her, and to distribute the relief she sent. Sir Edward went heartily with his mother in this love of the poor.

Of Sir Edward we may extract this story :

His surviving daughter still remembers how on one occasion he was following Lord Harewood's hounds, which were in full chase, when the persecuted fox took refuge in the old cemetery attached to Hazlewood Church, and though many of the hunting party belonged to the Protestant gentry of Yorkshire, Sir Edward at once drew the line, and was peremptory that the cemetery must not be profaned. The sportsmen had consequently to bear a disappointment. They knew there was no good in urging, as, they said, "Vavasour always means what he says."

Passing over the delightful account of the later years of Sir Edward's Vavasour's life, of his stay with the Christian Brothers, in spirit one of themselves, and of his sudden yet admirable death, we must content ourselves with an extract from the sermon on Lady Herries, and with one from that on Mr. Charles Langdale. Of the first, and of her excellent husband, what can be more charming than this? As Lord Herries was dying, he

said to his wife, "Marcia, what joy it will be on that day when we present our sixteen children to God in Heaven."

When his end was near, she felt a great desire that he might not be taken from her before the anniversary of their wedding-day, and begged our Lord to grant her this favour. Her prayer was heard. Her husband lived till a few minutes after midnight, and died when the 12th of November, their wedding-day, had already commenced. From that hour she never failed to wake at midnight, as the anniversary came round, and to rise to pray for his soul.

Another note respecting her says :

Out of reverence for our Lord on the altar, Marcia Lady Herries has been seen with the broom and pail cleaning out the large and handsome chapel at Everingham, when her servants were otherwise occupied and could not do it.

Respecting Mr. Langdale, the passage we will choose relates to a well-known event in his life, but it is one to which it is a thorough pleasure to recur. Father Gallwey may well call this "single reminiscence an heirloom of inestimable price."

It was at the moment when the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in this country by the Holy Father had thrown the Protestantism of England into a frenzy which made its effects felt for a long time after; and the York meeting, like many others, was meant to be a solemn protest against the act of the Pope, which was pronounced an aggression and a usurpation. At that meeting an English nobleman, full of good intentions, and not wishing to wound the feelings of any man present, contrived in a very few words to inflict three most painful wounds in the vulnerable part of Mr. Langdale's soul: for he assailed the Pope, he impugned the honour of the Mother of God, and cast a most offensive slur on the honesty and truthfulness of English Catholics. The Vicar of Christ, the Mother of Christ, the Truth which Christ is—"I am the Truth"—all these things were dear as life to our devout, and orthodox, and honest patriarch. And therefore, when the noble lord, after announcing to the assembled crowd that Pope Pius had restored the Hierarchy "under the Patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God and the Saints of England," went on to say that he ventured to hope the Catholics of England were too enlightened to sanction such works, and put the challenge, "I doubt whether any gentleman on these hustings would stand forward and say in words not capable of another interpretation that he believes in the patronage of the Virgin and the Saints;" he whose lips are now closed in this coffin lost not an instant in giving the reply. After reprobating therefore very discreetly the introduction of such topics in presence of a divided population, he said, "But as the noble ord has chosen to do

so, I am here in the face of the population of York, almost all of you differing from me in religion, to reply to the question he has proposed to me. He asks me would any man stand up and proclaim his belief in the assistance and patronage of the Saints? Well, I am here to proclaim my belief in the patronage and protection of the Blessed Mother of God and of His Saints." And then, after the cries of disapprobation had died away, he turned to his noble benefactor, who had, without intending it, given him this golden opportunity, and said: "Have I answered the question with sufficient distinctness for the noble Earl? I ask him once more, since the noble Earl seems to think we would resort to special pleading, have I spoken plainly?" "Certainly, quite plainly," was the Earl's answer. Yes, brethren, quite plainly, thank God.

Such an opportunity was a special grace for the holy old man, who had the courage to use it and to rejoice in the privilege it conferred.

We have not attempted to do more than to draw a little here and there from some of the beautiful things that Father Gallwey has saved from the wreck of time. There are other most interesting sermons which we have left untouched—for instance that on Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and that on her dear friend Cecil, Marchioness of Lothian. The Life of one of them we possess, and the Life of the other we hope for.

From the Introduction, in which Father Gallwey speaks to us of his own remembrances, we have borrowed nothing, yet it is of very great interest. Our readers can hardly fail to have recourse to it for themselves. We permit ourselves to refer them when reading it to the third sermon and the Appendix that follows it. Father Gallwey has given in the Introduction mere initials, but the real names are given in full in that part of the book to which we have referred; and beyond doubt the real names add greatly to the interest with which a narrative is read.

4.—MANUAL FOR INTERIOR SOULS.¹

Among other good works done by the St. Anselm's Society, not the least important is the publication from time to time of most useful Catholic books at moderate prices. This is not indeed its most prominent feature, for it aims rather at making known and disseminating the good literature already

¹ *Manual for Interior Souls.* By Rev. Father Grou, S.J. Translated from the French. London: St. Anselm's Society, 6, Agar Street.

existing, than in itself adding thereto. But it does add from time to time, and most usefully. Its most recent publication is one, the production of which in English dress is a very great boon to English readers. Father Grou's *Manual for Interior Souls* is probably little known to our readers, even in the original French. It consists of a collection of various of his writings. It is classic in style, and tells throughout that the writer was a finished scholar, as well as an eminent theologian. It has, moreover, a refreshing originality of thought not common in spiritual books. Its chief merit, however, is the depth of spiritual knowledge, and the practical acquaintance with things Divine that appear on every page of it. It has the rare merit of being in its general doctrine within the grasp of all, though at the same time it sometimes opens the door, and gives to the reader a glimpse of an unexplored region of the spiritual life which at first seems altogether beyond his reach. But as he reads on, he finds that it is not so difficult after all to approach the enchanted ground, and to win a place among those who aim at some sort of perfection in their spiritual life. Thus we are taught to aim high, while at the same time we are not bid to fix our eyes on a mark which it is hopeless for us to attain. Take for instance the following passage which is a good sample of the style of spirituality that pervades the book. Father Grou has been speaking of the Divine command always to pray, and asks what this means.

How then, and by what kind of prayer, can we fulfil the intentions of our Lord and Master? by the prayer of the heart, which consists of an habitual and constant disposition of love to God, of trust in Him, of resignation to His will in all the events of our lives; in a continual attention to the voice of God, speaking to us in the depths of our consciences, and unceasingly suggesting to us thoughts and desires of good and perfection. This disposition of heart is that in which all Christians ought to be, it was the disposition of all the saints, and it is in it alone that the interior life consists. (p. 263.)

Continual prayer is therefore not difficult in itself, and nevertheless it is very rare, because there are very few hearts in the right dispositions to make it courageous and faithful enough to persevere in it. We cannot begin to enter on this way of prayer until we have given ourselves entirely to God. Now there are very few souls who give themselves to God without reserve; there is almost always in this gift something that is kept back, something that self-love secretly keeps hold of, as is very soon seen in the sequel. But when this gift is really

full and entire, God rewards it at once by the gift of Himself ; He establishes Himself in the heart, and forms there that continual prayer which consists in peace, in recollection, in a constant attention to God in the interior of the soul, in the midst of all ordinary occupations. (p. 265.)

Father Grou, like a skilful surgeon, not only understands the ordinary diseases of the soul, and lays down the remedy needed for the cure of each, but he has a knowledge which is clearly gained by long experience of the less frequent maladies which beset those towards whom, for one reason and another, the devil seems to have a very special hatred, and whom he persecutes with more than his usual malignity. We would refer the reader for instance to the chapter on the Holy Eucharist and the Cross, which is full of consolation for those to whom Holy Communion, instead of being a source of joy and comfort is, without any fault of their own, almost an object of terror, by reason of the awful temptations, the groundless self-reproach, the intolerable desolation which beset them whenever they approach the Holy Table. We cannot attempt to give an extract, as the passage is too long, but we strongly recommend it to any one who suffers thus.

The sixty-three chapters into which the book is divided furnish excellent matter for meditation as well as for spiritual reading. The personal holiness of the writer shines through each page, and it is but natural to read in the short biography which precedes the book to learn that Father Grou died with his crucifix in his hands, exclaiming, "O my God, how sweet it is to die in Thy arms!"

5.—HIGHER ARITHMETIC.¹

University College, Blackrock, is an institution to which Higher Education in Ireland owes in many ways a debt of gratitude. Unassisted and unendowed, it has struggled for nearly twenty years against very serious disadvantages, and has nevertheless attained a most remarkable success in the Intermediate Examinations and those of the Royal University. This success is partly due to the care with which its teachers have been selected. A College is sure to do well in mathematics

¹ *Higher Arithmetic.* For the Civil Service, Intermediate, and National School Examinations. By J. J. Haugh, B.A. (Honours) R.U.I., one of the Professors of Mathematics at Blackrock College.

which has the benefit of so able a mathematician as Mr. Haugh. His Arithmetic, which has now passed into its fourth edition, has met with very high approval from experienced teachers both in England and Ireland. It is possibly, though such an assertion may seem rather bold, the best Arithmetic in the market, not excepting even the well-known "Arithmetic" of the late Mr. Brooksmith. As a scientific work, it may seem to be injured by being devoted altogether to examination purposes, but those who have to pass these examinations will not quarrel with it on that score. Mr. Haugh claims for his book that the "greater part of the subject contained therein has never before appeared in a text-book of a similar nature, and that the shortest methods of solution are entirely unique." The explanations, statements and proofs are all very clear, whether original or not, and they bring to our minds our own dismal experiences, for the arithmeticians of bygone days looked upon a boy as a calculating machine, and ignored the reasoning faculty.

Although Mr. Haugh promises in his Preface to proceed without the use of algebra in cases where other teachers have been obliged to use it, still we find simultaneous equations in the Chapter on "the Unit Method of doing Proportion," while the development of a square of a binomial occurs in the Chapter on "Surds, Involution, and Evolution." We believe, however, that algebra cannot be got rid of in a book which professes to treat of arithmetic according to rational methods. The questions which have most frequently occurred in Civil Service and other examinations, and those for which peculiar methods of solution are required, meet with special attention from the author.

6.—LIFE OF DOM BOSCO.¹

On January 31, 1888, a humble priest expired at Turin, amidst very unusual tributes of sympathy. He had been born, seventy-two years before, of humble peasants in the neighbourhood of the place. He held no office of authority or of distinction in the State or the Church, yet at the news of his death the city was at once penetrated with sorrow, most of the shops were closed, over forty thousand people visited the Church of St. Francis de Sales, where the body was exposed, and the

¹ *Life of Dom Bosco*, Founder of the Salesian Society. Translated from the French of J. M. Villefranche, by Lady Martin.

papers published the next day were filled with accounts of his life and his great works. Leo the Thirteenth, on receiving a telegram announcing the event, lifted his eyes to Heaven and exclaimed: *Dom Bosco è un Santo, un Santo, un Santo.* On the day of his funeral over a hundred thousand lined the road, and the coffin was preceded by three bishops, and attended by all the clergy and religious orders of Turin and the neighbourhood.

Amidst them marched thousands of pupils from Dom Bosco's schools, young girls, boys, and youths, and then his former pupils, professors and artisans, literary men and barristers, magistrates and soldiers. It was a touching sight, these thousands of his children, most of them young, but some of them already grey-haired, absolutely silent, advancing with uncovered heads, all of them praying or absorbed in memories of the past.

He whose death had awakened such a widespread outburst of feeling, had been the second son of a peasant widow, Margaret Bosco, whose husband died when she was only nineteen years of age. She was left in charge of a stepson, Antony, and of two sons, Joseph and John, the youngest, John, being only two years of age. John was distinguished by his intelligence and his desire for study, embraced not so much for its own sake as that he should become a priest and devote himself to the care of souls. He shared besides the good-humoured amiability, the deep piety, and the charity and hospitality for which the family seems to have been respected by their neighbours. Having at length, in spite of difficulties, become a priest, an incident occurred which had a profound influence on the whole course of his after-life. On December 8, 1841, a child who refused to serve Mass was being scolded by the sacristan. Dom Bosco was vesting for Mass, and overheard the altercation. He called for the child, and conversed kindly with him. The child was fifteen years of age, and utterly ignorant, so that the good young priest immediately proposed to teach him. The child consented willingly, adding, "if you will not beat me." After half an hour's instruction he was dismissed, with a kind invitation to come and bring his companions. At the end of two months he had a voluntary class, with twenty young street arabs as pupils.

This decided the aim of Dom Bosco's life. He refused an ecclesiastical appointment lest it might interfere between him and his beloved little vagrants. In two years they numbered three hundred, and he had much difficulty in getting a place in

which to assemble them and to say Mass. They were dismissed from one refuge after another, as a nuisance, and were discountenanced by many respectable people of influence in the town. The mayor and clergy complained to the Archbishop, and Dom Bosco was summoned before the Municipal Council. But his loving confidence in God was of that simple and wonderful nature which we only meet with in great saints, and God granted his requests sometimes in the most wonderful manner. He soon had a wooden shed in which, on Sundays and holidays, he heard the confessions of the children, instructed them and said Mass, after which they were encouraged to play by Dom Bosco, whose active benevolence could sympathize with them even in their most outrageous pranks. The long excursions that they sometimes took, have been described by one of these children. After Mass and Catechism—

Then breakfast; the grass and the rocks supplied the place of tables, those who had too much gave to those who had not sufficient, and Dom Bosco supplied those who had no breakfast. It is true bread failed us now and then, but good humour and a good appetite never. Continuing our walk, we stopped somewhere to chant Vespers, the oratory already possessing a good choir; Catechism was said a second time; the Rosary was said while walking; and at sunset we marched again into Turin, fatigued, but with light consciences and contented hearts.

From this extract we may perceive the character of the influence which he was capable of exercising over these natures, which before he met with them were untamed and uncivilized. It was an influence devoid of fear, even of ceremonious respect, and consisted of confidence and love.

We can only hint at some of the principal events of his life and works, of which this was the beginning. One night he found a poor, destitute child in the streets. He brought him home, and gave him a share in the humble meal which his mother had prepared for him, and allowed him to sleep in the loft amidst the hay. The child remained with him and was joined by others, and he soon established a night refuge for destitute children. Then came boarding schools, in some of which were taught classics, modern languages, and science, in others agriculture, carpentry, and various industries. At the time of his death there were thirty thousand children in the Salesian schools, and (a remarkable fact when we recollect the classes from which the children had been taken) not one of the former pupils had at that time been convicted of

any offence against the law. He prepared excellent teachers for these schools from amongst his own scholars, and did much to support them by the products of the industrial schools. His literary activity of itself was marvellous. He wrote over one hundred books, amongst which were some large and important works, such as a *History of Italy*, a *History of the Church*, and others. The printing, binding, even the manufacture of the type and paper were carried on in his technical schools, and were so good as to gain special notice and reward at the Turin Exhibition. But other works were undertaken and carried on by the Society of St. Francis de Sales and its holy founder. Missions were established in Ceylon, and many parts of South America that had not yet been thoroughly explored, in Chili and Patagonia, and ethnological and geographical discoveries were made by the missionaries, and what Dom Bosco cared for much more, many savage tribes were brought to the Faith.

We find, however, that we cannot do justice to Dom Bosco's great works by merely enumerating them. Many things we have not mentioned, amongst them the large number of wonderful miracles he performed, his various escapes from assassination by Vaudois proselytizers, and the help given to him by his mother, who was worthy of such a son. For all this we must refer the reader to the fascinating work which Lady Martin has translated for us.

7.—THE ARMOURER OF SOLINGEN AND WRONGFULLY ACCUSED.¹

These two stories are told in a plain and straightforward fashion, but they are not less interesting on that account. The first story, that of the armourer, is of the middle ages. Peter Simmelpuss is his name. He is brave and true, and earnest in his craft, and he desires to acquire the art of making sword-blades like those of Damascus, which can endure to be bent back to the handle and then spring into their former shape, perfectly uninjured. His grandfather had been a workman who made himself by intelligence and enterprise a distinguished armourer. His father had further extended the renown of the family name, and it promised under Peter to become the widest-

¹ *The Armourer of Solingen and Wrongfully Accused.* By William Herchenbach. Translated from the German by H. J. Gill. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

known name of all those connected with the mystery. But yet he was not content. One degree of excellence remained unattained. At last he left his father and mother and journeyed to Damascus. How he arrived there, how he succeeded in acquiring the carefully-guarded secret, what adventures he passed through on his way there, whilst living in the town, and while coming back, these are all related in a manner that cannot but render the story most attractive to schoolboys, and even to children of a larger growth.

The plot of the second story is rather more complicated. The scene is laid in Germany, in modern Germany. A young man, apparently a gentleman, offers himself as a workman to an overseer of some large building operations. He manages to offend one of the workmen, an unscrupulous villain of the fine old type, without a redeeming quality, and he makes a friend of an honest workman, who brings him home to sleep in his poor cottage. He shows many qualities that awaken astonishment that he should be content with the poor life of a workman. He moulds beautiful figures in clay for the children of his friend, he is evidently a gentleman, but still abides by this miserable life that he has chosen. While watching the buildings one night, a stranger comes to his hut and holds a conversation with him. The young workman flies away, and on the next morning the stranger is found murdered in his hut. After some time we find that the workman is a young German nobleman, and the murdered man is his brother. New complications arise. It is not the first suspicion of murder that has fallen on the surviving brother. We feel that we have no right to let any one into the secrets of the story unless by the proper path, the tale as it is told. So we are compelled to leave our young friend in the midst of his difficulties, and to refer our readers to the volume itself to learn how all comes right at the end.

The book is an excellent one for a new year's present to boys, and will be read by them with great interest. It is healthy and manly in tone, and we wish it all success.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

IT is sometimes said that the devotion to St. Joseph is a new devotion, but though it is true that it has through God's mercy made great progress within the last half century, yet it is in reality a devotion which has for centuries been a favourite devotion of the saints and a frequent topic of pious theologians. Nearly three hundred years ago, Father Binet, S.J., wrote a little book which now for the first time appears in English,¹ though it ought to have done so long since. Readers will be interested in his advocacy of the opinions that St. Joseph was sanctified in his mother's womb, and was assumed into Heaven on the day of our Lord's Ascension. The book dwells with fond devotion on the wonderful favours enjoyed by St. Joseph on earth and in Heaven, and its language can scarcely fail to inflame the hearts of every pious reader with devotion to the holy foster-father of our Lord. It appears most opportunely, and we earnestly recommend it to all who wish to have their petitions heard, and to obtain the gift of a rapid advance in the love of St. Joseph's Divine Foster-Son.

How many there are, even of those who attend daily Mass, who do not know the name of the Saint whom the Church is each day commemorating in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. They are quite ignorant whether it is Martyr, Confessor, or Virgin, whether it is a feast or feria, and thus they lose much of the interest and devotion that they would otherwise find in remembering the various saints as their feast-days recur. This want is supplied by the Missals for the laity which have been published from time to time, but rarely with any such fulness as might provide for the needs of those who should desire to know each day all the year through whose Mass is being celebrated.

¹ *Divine Favours granted to St. Joseph.* By Père Binet, S.J. Translated from the French. London: Washbourne.

But in the *Roman Missal for the use of the Laity* lately published by Messrs. Gill,¹ we have a book which supplies all possible requirements. It is completed up to date, and contains all the feasts found in the typical edition authorized by the Congregation of Rites. It has supplements for England, Ireland, Scotland, America, Australia, and is arranged most conveniently, with an index enabling the reader to find at once any saint in the calendar. It is, moreover, of a very handy size and shape, and is well bound and well printed. At the beginning are inserted a few suitable devotions before Mass. It is certainly by far the most complete Missal that has ever appeared, and we hope it will have a sale corresponding to its merit.

The Salesian Press at Turin has issued a new edition of Father Mayr's Greek version of the *Imitation of Christ*.² It is carefully revised and is a very scholarly little book, which may be used with great advantage by pious lovers of the *Imitation*, who also have a fondness for the Greek tongue. Somehow it is a book which runs naturally into Greek, its simplicity and chasteness of expression make the Greek dress very suitable to it; and the version of Father Mayr, now carefully revised, is quite a master-piece of translation into a foreign tongue. The book is beautifully printed and got up, and the size is a most convenient and portable one.

No one will put down Mr. King's pamphlet on *Leprosy*³ until he has read it to the end. Exhaustive as an original sketch of leprosy in its social aspects, it is full of minute details of cruelty and misguided treatment of these sad outcasts from society, which culminate in the grim and gruesome doings of the Aberdeen folk told by Canon Hector Boece. "The woman that was fallen leper or had any other affection of the blude, was banished fra the company of men, and gif she consavit barne, under sic infirmitie baith she and her barne was buryit quick." But corresponding barbarities were found elsewhere. Mr. King's narrative is full of interest, especially when he unfolds to us the palliating and humanitarian legislation of the Holy See, Councils,

¹ *A Roman Missal for the use of the Laity*, with Supplement for Ireland, England, Scotland, America, and Australia, and other English-speaking countries. Dublin: Gill and Son, 1890.

² Περὶ τῆς τοῦ Χριστοῦ Μιμήσεως. Βιβλία τέσσαρα ἑλληνικῶς ἐρμηνευμένα. Νέα ἔκδοσις. Augustæ Taurinorum. Ex Officina Salesiana.

³ *Leprosy and Lepers*. By Austin J. King.

and local Bishops, and laymen. A whole mine of information is yet to be worked as to the cause and cure of leprosy. What we want is to get at its origin, and examine the *curative process*, if any, used by our ancestors. We are sorry that Mr. King's book is only for private circulation, and we look forward to a second part, which will contain this brochure, along with some therapeutic hints, which the author might easily obtain.

Miss Fowler's stories¹ have a claim on our interest, not only in themselves and because they are full of incident and brightly and strikingly told, but because their authoress is the devoted lady who has gone out to minister to the lepers of Molokai, and who is generally known under her new name of Sister Rose Gertrude. Every child, boy or girl, will read these stories with great pleasure. They are picturesque and somewhat sensational, but is not the life of the poor often far more sensational even than appears in these edifying tales? Still, we are not sure whether poetic justice will be satisfied in youthful eyes by the termination of the first story. It is all very well to be rewarded for virtue by being run over and going to Heaven, but does this make virtue attractive to children?

Every one here has a vocation in life, which none would carry out so well as he who is called to it, and we recognize a very clear vocation in Mr. Austin Oates, to be the active and efficient Secretary of the Society for the Rescue of Poor Children, which is doing so much for the outcasts of the Salford diocese. He is one of those men whose heart is in his work, and, what is more, his whole heart is in it. He has been willing for the sake of it to endure the horrors of nights more than one, in a common lodging-house. He has even spent thirty-eight hours in a casual ward, while he constantly passes his days in the laborious task of searching among the lowest alleys and courts for the stray lambs, for whose rescue the admirable Society with which he is connected has been instituted by the Bishop of Salford. We cannot attempt to give any of the graphic stories with which *On Rescue Bent*² abounds. We assure our readers that they will find for themselves plenty of interesting anecdotes in its pages.

Miss Crowley has a genius for children's stories not unlike Miss Edgeworth's. There is the same quiet and lady-like fun,

¹ *Little Dick's Christmas Carols*, and other Tales. By Amy Fowler. Washbourne.

² *On Rescue Bent*. By Austin J. Oates. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

the same art of creating interest out of very simple materials.¹ The story of the base-ball club is the best. Where by-the-by did Miss Crowley get such a knowledge of base-ball in all its niceties? There are also one or two stories of life amongst the poor which have an interest of a different kind, a painful and even a tragical interest at times. We opened the book when we were somewhat fatigued, but we read on and on until it was finished and the fire was out, and the shades of night were falling. What more could an author desire?

We gladly welcome the following publications of the Catholic Truth Society. The *Life of St. Columba*—especially interesting as showing that the spirit which animates the sons of St. Patrick is always the same, ever ready for heroic sacrifice in the cause of religion. The *Legends of St. Francis* and the *Flowers from St. Francis' Garden* (the latter being selections from the *Fioretti*), will help to familiarize Englishmen with stories breathing the spirit of the ages of faith. We are glad to see another of Cardinal Newman's *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*, namely, the sixth, appearing in the cheap and accessible form of a tract. Also two more of Father Gerard's papers on "Science and Scientists," viz., *Behold the Birds of the Air* and *Instinct and its Lessons*.

The Catholic Truth Society has also issued another of those acceptable little volumes² which combine a variety of useful and edifying matter. It contains a Life of Father Mathew, Father Damien, and St. Columbanus, How to Help the Dying, and a variety of Poems and Stories, all clad in the garb of sober blue which adorns the bound volumes issued by the Society. At the end we have also one of Cardinal Newman's *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*, which will, when complete, form one of the most valuable of the many valuable productions of the Society.

We are unavoidably late in our recommendation of the *Catholic Annual*³ of the same Society for 1890, but we recommend it nevertheless, not so much as an Annual, but as a collection of interesting papers, stories, and biographies, and as a guide to the churches, services, and Catholic institutions

¹ *Happy-go-Lucky*, and other Stories. By Mary Catherine Crowley.

² *Publications of the Catholic Truth Society*. Vol. X. London: 18, West Square, S.E.

³ *The Catholic Annual for 1890*. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

of London and the neighbourhood, such as will not be found elsewhere.

There is a great demand for good plays for acting at Catholic colleges and schools, which may interest the spectators and also at the same time instruct them and raise their tone. Such a play is Cardinal Wiseman's *Hidden Gem*, and such too is the collection of *Scenes from the Life of St. Benedict*,¹ which Father Christie has lately edited, and the Catholic Truth Society published. It is classical in style, and replete with incident. It tells in a dramatic form, and in a way likely to make a permanent impression, the chief events in the life of St. Benedict. It is a most instructive and edifying play, and has this great advantage, that the scenes being independent of each other, a larger or smaller number can be acted, just as may be found most convenient. We suggest to colleges and convents that their scholars should act some scenes from it at their next Academy or Exhibition Day, and we are sure they will find that it will be a great success.

*The Harp of Jesus*² (a prayer-book in verse) is a gem in Father Russell's best style. It is happily conceived both as to matter and form, but peculiarly happy in its name. As we are told in the Preface, "its association with the national emblem, the harp, naturally dear to the sons of the Island of the Sacred Heart," will give it a special attraction wherever it may fall into the hands of the sons of St. Patrick.

We are pleased to see another edition of Father James Conway's valuable little pamphlet,³ which we noticed in these pages on a former occasion, and can do no more than commend it again very earnestly to all those who are interested in the education of the young.

Mr. Robert Beauclerk's *Summary of English History*⁴ is an admirable little work. We speak not without some experience of books of the same class, and their name is legion, but for the Matriculation or Local Examinations we know of nothing more likely to be useful than this. Of course

¹ *Scenes from the Life of St. Benedict*. Dramatized by a Benedictine Nun. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *The Harp of Jesus*. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

³ *The Respective Rights and Duties of the Family, State, and Church, in regard to Education*. By the Rev. James Conway, S.J. Second Edition. New York: Pustet and Co.

⁴ *A Summary of English History to 1702*. By Robert Beauclerk, S.J., of Beaumont College. Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W., 1890.

its purpose must not be misunderstood. It is frankly and simply a summary, the skeleton of a much more extensive course of reading or oral instruction, and no boy ought to be encouraged or allowed to make his first acquaintance with English History from its pages. But in method, in arrangement, and especially in the practical wisdom of knowing what to include and what to *leave out*, the author shows the fruits of his long experience. Many works of this kind err in attempting too much. A Matriculation candidate with this volume and nothing more, might not perhaps be capable of gaining the highest marks obtainable in the subject, but for students of all attainments this supplies a very thorough groundwork, and leaves untouched no question with which the average pupil can profitably concern himself. Certainly any one who has fairly mastered the substance of this little work, may safely defy the attack of the most captious of examiners. We would especially direct attention to one most useful and in some ways novel feature, the combined Index and Glossary at the end of the volume. We do not know if this, following the prevailing fashion, is intended to be the precursor of other special Manuals for the College whence it issues. If so, we hope that they will all come up to the same high standard.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The universal prevalence of strikes in the present day leads Father Lehmkuhl to inquire, in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, whether the existing tension between labour and capital is due to the principles of socialism at work amongst the lower orders for the upheaval of public order, or to the increasing greed of the modern capitalist. He glances at the operation of strikes which, although injurious to both employer and employed, appear to be now the recognized method of asserting the claims of the latter. They are, however, justifiable only as a means of self-defence against oppression when more moderate measures fail to effect. The question of the validity of Napoleon's divorce, a subject which has lately been brought before public notice in several publications, is discussed in the *Stimmen*. The grounds for it are pronounced insufficient, and the sanction given by the ecclesiastical authorities of Paris is attributed to weak subservience to State tyranny.

Father Dressel lays before the reader a summary of the progress made during the last twenty years in our knowledge of the nature and uses of electric force, through the researches and experiments of scientists. Father Granderath, to whom is entrusted the task of completing the work left unfinished by the late Father Schneemann, contributes a paper on the extent of the Papal Infallibility, according to the decree of the Vatican Council. Father Baumgartner gives a pleasing account, historical and descriptive, of Amsterdam, a city smiling, prosperous, and picturesque on account of the varied architecture of its buildings, the mixture of new and old exhibited in its well-kept streets, its canals, and waterways. The palaces, churches, and galleries recall the ages when faith, and art, her handmaiden, held the place now given to the interests of commerce and material progress.

The *Katholik* enters with the year 1890 on its seventieth year of existence. In the darkest days of the Church in Germany, this periodical was started for the defence of Catholic truth, and it has ever since done good service to the cause of God by boldly combating error, and asserting the rights of the Church. The January number opens with an essay by the learned Benedictine Father whose liturgical researches have frequently enriched the pages of the *Katholik* with valuable and interesting information respecting the ritual of earlier times. He gives the reasons why, during the first three centuries, the feast of Christmas, "the starting-point of all Christian festivals," was comparatively ignored, and names the period at which the observance of it was introduced in the East and West respectively. Professor Hardy comments on the progress made in the various sections of Oriental science as shown in the recent Congress in Stockholm, and the attitude of Orientalists in regard to positive Christianity. He deprecates the tendency to extol the culture, religion, and philosophy of the East above that of the West, and strongly urges the importance of not allowing the study of Oriental literature and language to be monopolized by unbelievers. Dr. Bellesheim presents his view of the question of Higher Education in Ireland; it coincides with that of recent writers on the subject in the *Tablet* and *Dublin Review*. In another article the advisability of introducing uniformity of ecclesiastical discipline throughout Germany is insisted upon, on the ground that divergence of rules and observances in minor matters are

bewildering and inconvenient, and to the uneducated mind are apt to occasion confusion of ideas, and even give scandal.

On entering upon a new year, the *Civiltà Cattolica* (949) rejoices over the disappointment of the anticipations of the revolutionists, who in the first flash of their triumph, imagined that long ere twenty years had past, the tiara would have disappeared from Rome, and the Papacy would be disgraced and dethroned. An essay on the Pontificate of Gregory the Great is commenced in the *Civiltà*. It is appropriate to the thirteenth centenary of the election of that illustrious Pontiff which occurs this year, and is to be celebrated by a national festival, and a Congress for the discussion of matters connected with liturgical use both past and present. The first instalment of the essay glances at the state of Italy under the predecessors of Gregory, who was elevated to the See of Rome at a period of disturbance and distress, owing to the immigration of the Goths, and the inundations and pestilence that afflicted the population of the city. The second instalment (951) treats of the personal character and life of the Pontiff. The decline of charitable institutions in Italy, hitherto noted for its fertility in originating works of mercy, is predicted by the *Civiltà* (950, 951) in consequence of the interference of the Government. The spoliation of religious orders, the suppression of confraternities, the alienation of the funds of institutions from the intentions of their founder, under the plea of applying them in a manner corresponding better to the wants of modern society, is nothing less than legalized robbery and injustice. Henceforward everything savouring of religion and piety is to be eliminated from Hospitals and Refuges, the relief of the needy will assume a purely secular and civil character, and State assistance will be doled out by the frigid hand of paid officials, instead of the alms dispensed by Christian faith and charity. The archæological notes give the text and explanation of the inscriptions on some Christian monumental marbles found in Phrygia, and the reason which induced the early Christians to adopt the fish as a symbol of the Body of Christ.

The January number of the *Études* opens with a paper by Father Bournichon, on the law lately come into force, abolishing in France ecclesiastical immunity from military service. This law, framed apparently for the defence of the country against foreign foes, is in reality directed against what Gambetta denominated *the enemy of the Republic*, the Catholic Church.

Henceforward the theological student must lay aside his books, the religious leave his convent, the Priest and Professor doff their cassocks at the call of the State. Only in the case of seminarists may the three years of active service be reduced to one year, and all, until the age of thirty-six, will be required at stated periods to take part in military manœuvres. The results of this decree, the writer predicts, will be to reduce the number of aspirants to the priesthood, expose theological students to the loss of their vocation, ruin the religious Orders, and worst of all, destroy the Church's liberty. At the close of the year in which the centenary of the Revolution was celebrated, Father Martin glances again at the state of Europe, and more particularly of France, where the Revolution has borne the bitter fruit of moral disorder, disorganization of social and family life, impiety, and irreligion. He dwells chiefly on the lamentable diminution of the population, and the appalling increase of crime. The large proportion of youthful criminals proves that compulsory secular education, far from emptying the prisons, only serves to fill them. The conclusion of Father de Bonniot's valuable essay on Possession and Hypnotism claims to be read with a greater attention, because the pen of the writer will never again be employed to explain the mysterious phenomena produced by natural causes and preternatural agency. The cause of possession is a problem he does not attempt to solve, but he draws the line between possession and hypnotism, which have certain circumstances and conditions in common. Both presuppose human intervention to reduce the subject to the state where the exercise of animal and rational life is suspended, and mechanical, unconscious obedience is rendered to an external influence. In a notice of Janssen's *History of the German People in the Middle Ages*, justice is done to the learning and ability displayed by the historian in pointing out the beneficent action of the Church and the disastrous effects of the Lutheran Reformation. Father Delaporte finds little to praise in his review of the poetry of 1889. A year of noise, bustle, and pleasure-seeking, is not propitious to poetic thought; the whirr of machinery and the clang of the hammer drowns the rhythm of verse and the song of the gentle muse.

